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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JUNE

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BETTY GRABLE and GEORGE RAFT— ON FIRE!

"I Still Prefer BING!" By Dixie Lee CROSBY

OSCAR LEVANT: SOURPUSS TO SWEETIE-PIE

ARMEN MIRANDA Turns On LOVE—HOT and COLD

WESTMORE'S

"Star Lovely" Make Up

WINS A MAN FOR MARY!



Ellen Drew, Starring in the **Paramount Picture,** **"Reaching for the Sun,"** with make-up by Wally Westmore



I had a date with Bob to go to the movies .. his attentions had been sort of half hearted so it worried me when I noticed that my complexion was having one of its "dull" days.



I remembered what an ad said about Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder . . . how it covered up that sallow, spotty look, those tired shadows, with a flattering "film of beauty."



I decided to try it . . . found there were four skin tones in the Foundation Cream, and eight blending tones in the Face Powder to choose from. I took the shades most flattering to me.



Honestly, it was remarkable what a difference it made in my looks ... smooth, fresh, glowing—"star-lovely"! I really felt glamorous when Bob came for me! And the look in his eyes told me lots!



We went to see Ellen Drew in the Paramount picture, "Reaching for the Sun"—and there on the screen I saw the film credit, "Make-up by Westmore." The same make-up I was using!



It was a wonderful evening. Bob held my hand when the picture made me cry a little. But the tears didn't hurt my make-up I found, when I glanced in my mirror. It was fresh and lovely as ever!



Afterwards Bob told me I looked beautiful. I thought (but didn't say), "Why shouldn't I . . . using the same make-up as Ellen Drew?" I used Westmore rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, too!



I honestly believe, as Westmore says, that using the combination of Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder will make *anyone* look lovelier. They're only 50¢ each ... Smaller sizes at variety stores, 25¢!

House of **WESTMORE** Inc.

730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY



Send for Westmore's Make-up Guide. Shows which of the seven face types you have, and how to bring out all the glamour of your face with make-up! Only 25¢.

F-6

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____



Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade . . .

YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

YOU CAN HAVE dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive YOU. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MAY -5 1941

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In with the Mayflowers comes a truly original and distinguished motion picture. M-G-M presents the year's outstanding dramatic offering—"A Woman's Face".

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt will long be remembered for their performances in this screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul.



Produced by Victor Saville, it has been directed by none other than George (Philadelphia Story) Cukor.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Woman's Face" is your good fortune.

★ ★ ★ ★

The role of Anna Holm fits Joan like a cellophane glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

Following "A Woman's Face" will come in Maytime succession three more outstanding roars from the lion's den.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are—in this order—

★ ★ ★ ★

"Blossoms In The Dust" (Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon).

"Love Crazy" (William Powell-Myrna Loy).

"Billy The Kid" in Technicolor (Robert Taylor).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you wish to run the gamut of emotions, this is your month. *May Goes Metro.*

★ ★ ★ ★

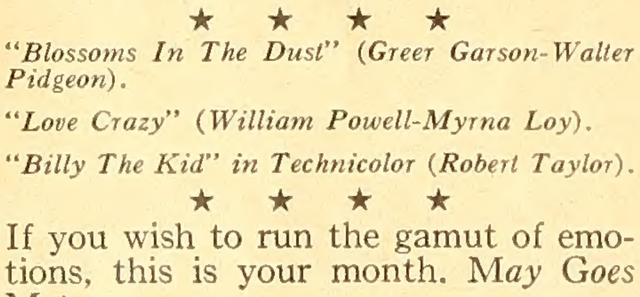
But then so will all the other months go that way. Have you seen "Men of Boys Town"? Have you seen "The Ziegfeld Girl"?

★ ★ ★ ★

Those of you who like mementoes and pretty wall decorations might wish to take advantage of a special offer.

★ ★ ★ ★

We will be glad to send you a complete set of four beautiful full color reproductions of oil paintings by famous American Illustrators of their conception of "The Ziegfeld Girl of 1941."



Individual paintings by McClelland Barclay, John La Gatta, Neysa McMein, Gilbert Bundy. Size 9" by 12", full color prints on heavy mat paper. Write Leo, 1540 Broadway, New York, Box 128, and enclose ten cents to cover mailing costs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Some day I'll show you my etchings.

—Leo



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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June, 1941 Vol. XLIII, No. 2

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Cover Portrait of CAROLE LANDIS

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It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace . . .



but not half so annoying as

infectious dandruff



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Accepted — Good Housekeeping Bureau

At the first sign of trouble

GET BUSY **with**

LISTERINE

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you've got the slightest evidence of this common form of dandruff, act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum Ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a clinical test, 76% of dandruff patients showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the delightful treatment

THAT great guy Gable undoubtedly holds a consuming fascination for the opposite sex and there is no denying he has a great way with the ladies. But even heart-throb Gable has weaknesses that all his feminine fans know nothing about. No one ever brags about Gable's prowess at tripping the light fantastic. In "The Uniform," his dancing scene with Rosalind Russell had necessarily to be done without any music. So Clarence Brown, the director, sat out of camera range and waved his arms in frantic, exaggerated motions to simulate the beat of the orchestra. Clark tried again and again to walk over, take Rosalind in his arms, and start dancing on the right beat. Mr. Brown was very patient but finally Clark, himself, shouted, "Holy smokes, if you expect me to get this right will you hum or something, so I know what I'm doing!" So, with Clarence Brown humming, and his sophisticated helpmate, Roz, giving him a knowing and forceful helping hand, great guy Gable was prodded through a simple dancing scene that was a great ordeal for him. Imagine, with Rosalind Russell as his partner, too. Well, it goes to show you, you can't have everything! Gable finally pranced with polished finesse.

YOU'LL see a different Sonja Henie in "Sun Valley," her first movie since she became Mrs. Dan Topping. In person she appears much thinner, and is, by almost eight pounds. Her hair, inexplainably, seems much lighter. When we were ushered onto the special ice rink stage that 20th Century paid very nearly $50,000 to rig up for her pictures, she was practicing over and over again the routines she already had down pat for her new numbers. She was dressed, not in her usual outfit resembling a ballet skirt, but in an abbreviated, close-fitting costume like a bathing suit. She looked more than ever like a blonde, dimpled kewpie. If you thought Sonja's spins in her other pictures were fast, wait till you see her in her streamlined version. You will, too, because she'll try out her discovery in "Sun Valley." "I've found," Sonja said, "that wearing this tight-fitting costume gives me much more facility. In one number I have almost doubled the speed of my spins by shedding the resistance that full skirts give me. Watch!" she warned. With that, she swirled away in an effortless glide, slowly gained speed, and then suddenly went into a fantastic spin that melted her figure into a blur. You'll see her do it in "Sun Valley."

THE seemingly superior attitudes of Orson Welles still make Hollywood gasp in misunderstanding and despair. The boy wonder's proven versatility keeps a lot of his supposed admirers here in the throes of deepest envy. All through the many weeks of legal lambasting promised him if he didn't change his "Citizen Kane" to be less revealing, Orson busily consummated more diverse artistic endeavors than any other four chosen Hollywood big names. Between the numerous threats of doom to his artistic life, and his stubborn determination to do as *he* pleased, the wonderful Mr. Welles carried on as if nothing at all was out of the ordinary. The only annoying thing about the complications arising over whether he could, or could not, show his first picture was that the threatened legal actions tied him up, for many tedious hours at a time, in lawyers' offices. But he managed, on the side, to direct the stage version of "Native Son," he startlingly sandwiched in an amazing lecture tour and, when he felt like it, he gave the air waves more astonishing examples of his bent for ether dramatics. He did a little writing on the side. He finally shot the retakes that would make the showing of his picture possible, and what's more, he kept languid Dolores Del Rio on the emotional *qui vive*.

(*Continued on page 17*)

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD





Bob Hope is "Caught in the Draft"—and seems to like it! We don't wonder why, if it includes an armful of Dorothy Lamour—and hi-jinks with film teammates Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, above. Every movie fan, boys in service, will be watching for this.



with STUART ERWIN • EUGENE PALLETTE • JACK CARSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HARRY DAVENPORT • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • From the Story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman

IRRESISTIBLE
Romance



YOURS WITH
Irresistible

PINK ROSE
MATCHED MAKE-UP

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's enchanting new lipstick . . . for "Pink Rose" is a rich, rosy red . . . the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Text, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites . . . the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red . . . or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
STAYS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10¢ STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!

New! The bonnie bonnet box with Irresistible's gay bewitching perfume! A tribute to Mother's youthful spirit... a compliment to her charm.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢

Tagging the Talkies

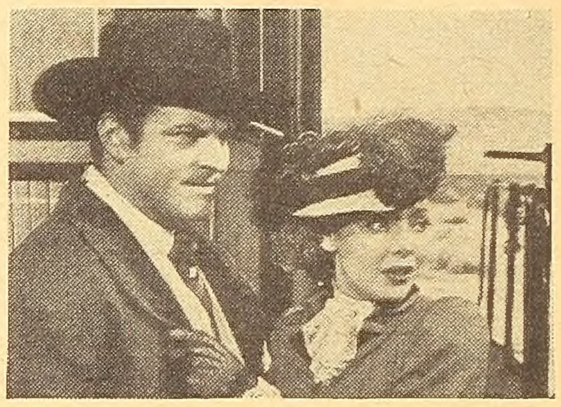


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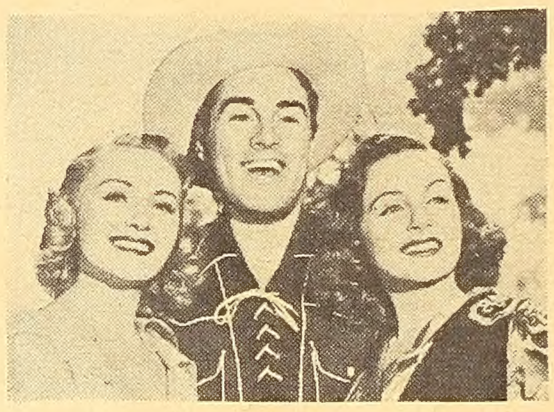
The Sea Wolf—Warners

Jack London was noted for his grim and gripping tales of the sea. His characters come to life with Edward G. Robinson as the brutal captain of the "Ghost"; John Garfield as the convict who sought anonymity on this hell ship, and Ida Lupino, the reformatory girl, rescued from a ferry disaster. Alexander Knox plays the rôle of the writer in a manner London himself would have liked. Finely acted. Nature—man and sea—in the raw.



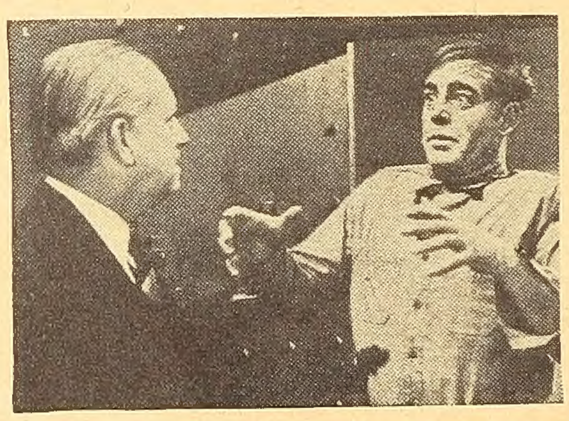
The Lady from Cheyenne—Universal

Some wit, male of course, once said "all female children should be drowned at birth." We hope Loretta Young's engaging performance as leader of a woman's suffrage group changes his cynical mind a mite. We think it will. Edward Arnold is tops in his meanie rôle. His unscrupulous tactics transforms *Annie* (Loretta) from a naïve schoolmarm into a spirited, flirtatious lobbyist. Robert Preston, Frank Craven and many others, excellently cast.



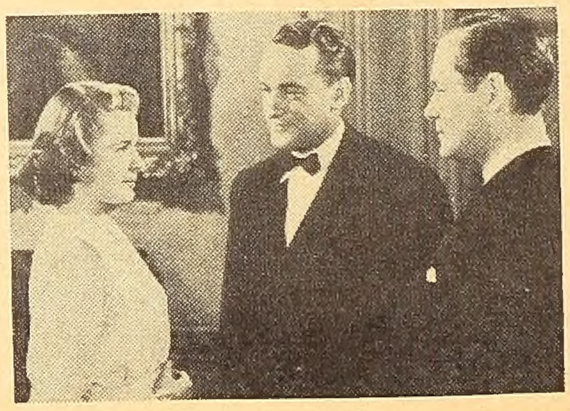
Las Vegas Nights—Paramount

Virtually plotless, you'll agree it doesn't matter. Gags galore, some old, some new. Tommy Dorsey's in it too. *Norma* (Constance Moore), her two sisters and brother-in-law Bert Wheeler, go to Las Vegas to claim an inheritance. Hank Ladd tries to chisel them out of their full share. *Bill* (Phil Regan) falls in love with *Norma* and, even though his father is behind Hank's deal, outwits the pair. Silly but pleasant. Hank's worth watching.



Man Made Monster—Universal

For those who like "electric" thrills traipsing along their spine, this film obliges. It's about a man, Lon Chaney, Jr., who is immune to death when electricity is bolted through his body. Samuel S. Hinds, electro-biologist, becomes interested in Chaney. Lionel Atwill, a mad genius, experiments on the subject. Chaney, super-charged, becomes a monster and kills Hinds. Good, provided horror stuff agrees with your high blood pressure.



Rage in Heaven—M-G-M

Philip Monrell (Robert Montgomery) is insanely jealous of his friend *Ward* (George Sanders), and plans to kill him because he believes his wife *Stella* (Ingrid Bergman), is having an affair with him. Frustrated in this, *Philip* commits suicide in a manner that points to murder. *Ward* is sentenced to death but is saved by a matter of minutes. A tense, somber drama beautifully portrayed by polished artists. Femmes will adore Sanders as a hero.



A Man Betrayed—Republic

"Crime does not pay," is the message. There's the all-powerful political boss; the honest small-town lawyer; the boss' fetching daughter and the inevitable denouement when the corrupt machine is exposed. John Wayne is suspicious of the circumstances surrounding his friend's demise. Edward Ellis balks his investigation, announces the case closed. Lovely Frances Dee is torn between loyalty to her parent and love for clean-cut John Wayne.



The Penalty—M-G-M

Roosty (Gene Reynolds) idolizes his father, *Stuff Nelson* (Edward Arnold), killer-bank robber. *Stuff* teaches his son the "fine art" of crime. G-Men pursue the pair and *Stuff's* paramour, *Julie* (Veda Ann Borg). An exciting highlight occurs when police surround their hideaway. Lionel Barrymore plays a small but effective part as the old farmer who helps rehabilitate *Roosty*. Young Reynolds and Arnold lend credibility to their rôles.



Back in the Saddle—Republic

Gene Autry, Republic's pride and joy, is foreman of a large ranch. Trouble brews when cattle die in droves from a polluted stream. Surrounding ranchmen select Gene to put an end to the situation. *Tom Bennett* (Edward Norris) organizes a party to shoot it out with the culprits. Plenty of gun action follows. Smiley Burnette, cute Mary Lee and Jacqueline Wells head the cast. Autry's in the saddle, singing and shooting. Who can ask for more?

Even a Mask can't disguise the Girl who needs Mum!



Guard underarms against telltale odor. Use Mum every day—before every date!

JUNE isn't fooling *anyone!* Behind that mask there are tears—under the masquerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she's at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

QUICK! A dab under each arm—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR YOU!

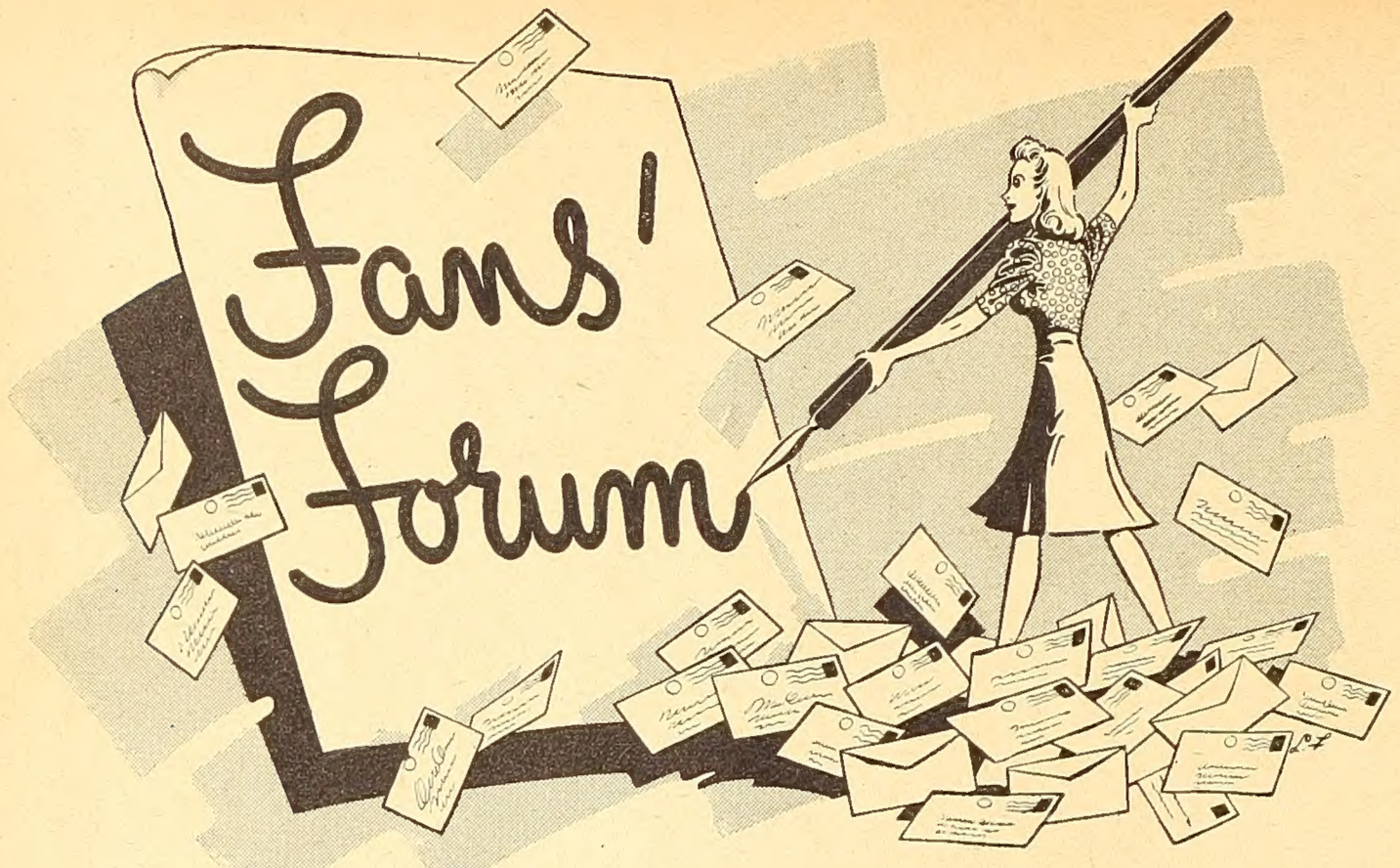


For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



RIGHT OR WRONG—WRITE!

Don't tell it to Sweeney, fans, tell it to SCREENLAND. What you have to say, be it for or agin', means much to movie makers—and to us. A "back to the feminine curves" movement is a happy suggestion. Men don't like girls who have to stand twice in one place to cast a shadow, or whose bones rattle when they walk. See what we mean? What's right or wrong with the movies? With SCREENLAND? We can take it. Don't include the ills of the world; tell that to Sweeney. Cash in on your views. Monthly prizes of $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

My father used to say that when he put his arm around a girl, he wanted to know she was there. In other words, dad liked to see a good, strong, healthy, plump girl.

He would have had small temptation among the ladies of Hollywood. I have never seen a more emaciated, hollow-cheeked, slab-sided lot of females in my life. They have dieted not only the flesh from their bones, but the sparkle from their eyes, the spring from their walk, and the fire from their acting. Their thin, pipestem legs carry them languidly from one scene to the next, and their skinny arms around the hero's neck remind one of the love-making of a wraith rapidly running out of ectoplasm.

We hear on all sides the old cry that the camera adds ten pounds to any actress' weight. Well, what of it? This country needs more girls who aren't ashamed or afraid to weigh what a woman should weigh. It needs girls who look womanly. It needs girls whose ambition is more to a healthy future than toward size twelves.

Give us back our WOMEN!

CHRISTOPHER BOWEN, Columbus, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I am an elderly man and not a great movie-goer; I prefer quiet evenings at home playing chess. However, last week my wife and daughter kept after me to see some movie that had come to town—"Strawberry Blonde," they called it; said it would bring back memories, and so on; to keep the family peace, I put on my hat and went to see it.

Well, I recognized the costumes and the manners, the slang and the songs as the ones in favor when I first came to America. I remember especially the one about *St. Louis, Louie.* I lived in Brooklyn then and the hurdy-gurdy men played it at every corner.

Frankly, the names of actors and actresses never stay in my mind very long; however, the little girl who played *Amy*—the one with the cutest wink I ever saw, the kind of wink nobody had forty years ago—I'll remember *her.* Her name is Olivia de Havilland. (I won't forget it—that's the kind of a hairpin I am.)

ISRAEL KATZ, Brockton, Mass.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

Being a widow with a slim budget and three children of school age, keeps me busy trying to keep our heads above water.

Dimes up to two bits for movies are not very plentiful but we still find a few for that necessary purpose. Of course, the children get the lion's share of our movie-going, but that doesn't mean that their mother is left out. The children cooperate, and all of us saving, lay aside the price of an occasional movie for mother, too.

To me, the movies are always an intensely interesting interval away from my busy and, oftentimes, anxious life. I've never had the opportunity to see so many of them that my keen enjoyment of them is dulled. Every time I get to see one it is a real occasion to me.

To many, my way of living would be very unsatisfactory. If they couldn't see at least one movie a day, they would probably feel cheated, while if I get to see one a week, I feel I've been particularly favored. I've found, too, that even one movie a week often means the difference between merely existing and enjoyable living. Some day—and I hope it isn't too far away—I hope I'll be privileged to enjoy more of the interesting and economical entertainment and recreation offered by the movies. Until that time, I'll continue to enjoy and appreciate the few I now get to see.

RUTH C. WESLEY, Zanesville, Ohio

Did you hear me scream last Saturday around ten-fifteen C.S.T.? No? It's a wonder because I had just seen "Blondie Plays Cupid," and, boy, did I boil! There was Glenn Ford, the reason I went to see the movie, practically bound and gagged. They just stuck him in the corner and forgot about him. For the love of Pete, why Glenn Ford? I thought the corner was the exclusive property of Baby Dumpling.

But you just stop, look, and listen. You just wait and watch the Ford boy shoot skyward. He's talented with the looks and personality of the "boy around the corner," the one we all know and like. I'll bet "So Ends Our Night" will prove my prediction to be correct; so mark my words.

IRENE McMANUS, Omaha, Nebr.

Last night I saw "Come Live With Me" and noted the disheartening fact that Hedy Lamarr is still kicking with her usual lack of animation. Considering that fans and critics have been practically unanimous in lamenting her lack of histrionic ability, why, oh why do the producers insist upon thrusting that beautiful morsel down our throats? For the entire length of the picture she stood about looking soulful. Not once did she come alive.

But not even an inanimate heroine can cramp Jimmy Stewart's style. How I adore the droll way he goes around peering through his eyebrows! He's good because he's a natural. Take the boy next door and a measure of genius; mix well, and you have—Jimmy Stewart. And may I add a word of commendation for Adeline De Walt Reynolds? As the adorable old grandmother, she was superb.

Yes, the picture was a success in spite of Hedy's persisting in getting beautifully in the way. But really—if, as is evident, her sole talent lies in looking decorative, then why not hang her on the wall where pretty pictures belong and let the real actors go on with the show?

EILEEN WARREN, Fairfield, Wash.

The motion picture theaters take in well over $600,000,000 a year from us Americans. That means many people attend the movies. Like most people, I enjoy good pictures, but the reason for my writing this letter on my twenty-third birthday is that I think something should be done about the popcorn problem in movie houses. The other night I had to move three times, until I got to feel like a fugitive from noisy bags of popcorn.

LEON ARNOLD MULLER, Chicago, Ill.

What is this myopia that afflicts the film producers? Why can't they recognize a unique personality when they have it under contract? They unearth their starlets in beauty parlors, on college campuses, in night clubs; set the Westmores to work on them, tog them out in five hundred dollars' worth of clothes, pay their publicity agents to dream up titles like "ping girls," "oomphatic girls" (though in some cases "lymphatic" would be more apt), and when these manufactured marvels are loosed on the public and received with apathy, "the public doesn't know what it wants."

My particular peeve is the mishandling and neglect of Priscilla Lane. The casting of this little girl as an insipid ingénue or an unhappy wife and tragic mother is the grossest waste in pictures. Her bright youth, her tininess and daintiness, her wonderful childlike charm should be given scope in rôles such as the late Marguerite Clark played so believably.

Rescue our Priscilla before she drops into the oblivion which awaits the perpetually-miscast player. Give her a chance to display her talents and her matchless personality. And watch her become the most popular star on the screen.

E. M. HILL, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

I don't like knockers, except on doors, and then only when used with discretion. Mr. Mook dishes out "Medals and Birds" with a high hand, so I'm sure he won't mind if I take a few pen shots at some of his clay pigeons.

For instance, that nasty little bird he sent to Nelson Eddy is returning with his tail feathers plucked. He talked too much for a bird. And the one to Ricardo Cortez is being held for observation. I think he's nuts. And John Barrymore, well, he may be a clown in private life, but I still think he's a great actor. So if you'll just send him an eagle (a young eagle please, he likes 'em young) I won't take a shot at him. And Pat Lane—Pat is young, Mr. Mook, she'll learn. Look at Katy Hepburn, she's almost human now. Just send Pat a dove, will you?

LOUISE MERRILL, Asheville, N. C.

What to do! What to do! My youngster's favorite actor is Humphrey Bogart, that grand actor whose undeniable talent is being wasted on gangster rôles. Every picture shows him either "going in" or "coming out" of the hoosegow. Gosh, he's so realistic I unconsciously look around for my purse when he comes on the screen—which is GOOD ACTING but bad policy.

There's no good excuse for feeding the minds of children such harmful dope. Wrong notions imbibed early can do serious harm, I believe. Bogart, a finished actor, would fit into many "good" rôles; so Humphrey—why not stage a one-man revolution?

MRS. RUTH QUATTROCCHI, Hannibal, Mo.

A salute to "Arizona!" At last a picture with an Indian fight in which no horses were tripped. So often I have gasped and shuddered when witnessing the so-called "thrilling" spills the horses are forced to take in big riding scenes. Recently I have read an article on how the horses are purposely tripped and how often they suffer broken legs and necks to provide these thrills. So it really was a relief for me to see a picture whose director didn't think it necessary to be cruel to dumb animals and still pack his picture with thrills!

MRS. FREDA KRIEGER, Oak Park, Ill.

First, I want to extend my thanks to Warner Brothers for giving us such a wonderful picture as "The Sea Wolf." I haven't seen such an excellent sea-adventure picture for a long time.

Secondly, I wish to congratulate Alexander Knox for such a superb performance of *Van Weyden* in this film. When I entered the theater, he was unknown to me, but I left with the realization that I had seen a magnificent actor. . . . Alexander Knox proved to me that an unknown name can be as great as better known names.

Congratulations, Alexander Knox, and may we see much more of you in the future.

MARJORIE MILLER, Albany, N. Y.

Remember the big clean-up crusade of a few years ago, when the churches and women's clubs launched a stormy blitzkrieg against the movies for their general slackness in morals? The bombs burst in air over Hollywood glamor factories for many a month, causing magnates to quake in their gilded boots, and promise solemnly that, if the shooting would stop, they would be good boys and serve the public only a spotless product thereafter.

They adhered to their word, too—for a while. Quite a lengthy while. And then little by little promises were forgotten, and rules were relaxed, until lately—well, lately there doesn't seem to be any rules. Anything goes. Plots skid on thin ice, costumes are becoming increasingly revealing, dialogue is heavy with double meaning and love scenes are rising in temperature.

Careful, Hollywood! Hadn't you better haul up, and return to the straight and narrow before you are jerked back again by main force? Maybe it's fun being daring, but perhaps it is better business in the long run to conform to the prescribed conventions. Remember it was conclusively proven that the public prefers good taste to sensationalism.

DEE CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

Valentine's Day I attended a concert given by Jeanette MacDonald in Beaumont, Texas. To see and hear Jeanette, my favorite, in person, was something I had often dreamed of but never realized would actually happen. But it did. And was I happy and Jeanette beautiful!!! So beautiful that she could have just silently stood there on the stage. But she had more to give. She used her golden voice with expressiveness and, at times, with bewitching coquetry. There were numerous encores and even after the final song the audience was still reluctant to go home. Never will I forget that night when Jeanette, a dream singing, proved how nicely she can get along without microphones, etc.

How nice it would be to see Jeanette and Gene Raymond in a picture together.

HELEN PODRASKY, Lake Charles, La.

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The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

(*Moral:* Help *your* teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)

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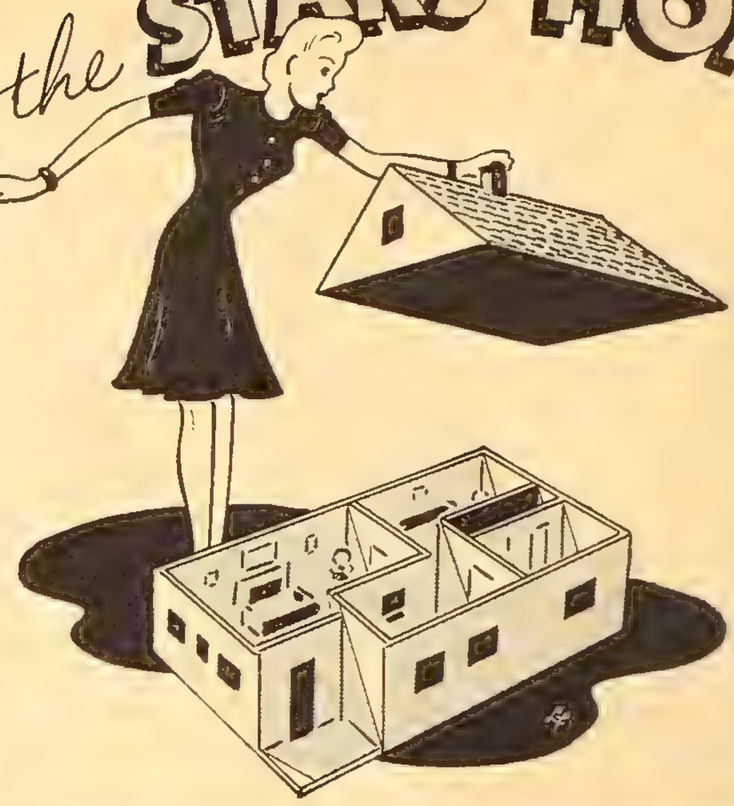


HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE . . MOUTH HEALTHY



By Betty Boone

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Beauty and the Barbecue! Smart starlet Gene Tierney turns an outdoor feast with spareribs and trimmings into a glamorous and gay occasion



THE Tierney apartment, to my way of thinking, is the answer to any apartment dweller's dream, but the thing that had attracted Gene and her mother was the walled-in patio. It's a flagstone-floored, sunfilled patio with a wall of white-washed brick; there's cactus in bloom, acacia trees and even a little low hedge. The barbecue and fireplace are set in one corner and Gene has installed a soda fountain in another. Then there's a pingpong table, lots of comfortable, weather-resistant rustic furniture, and what an invitation to joy!

"In California, there's no sense in being indoors if you can possibly help it," Gene pointed out, as she hovered over her choice spareribs, just hot from the barbecue, "so whenever I entertain, I do it out here. I'm no cook, but I *can* turn out spareribs and a barbecue sauce that amounts to art! We usually serve beans and brown bread with this, and some interesting salad and dessert."

BARBECUED PORK SPARERIBS

Buy young pork spareribs with plenty of meat on them. Run cold water over them for fifteen minutes, then dry. Rub in some olive oil, plenty of freshly ground black pepper, paprika and salt. Put on barbecue grill over fire so low that it's reduced almost to embers, and cook fifteen minutes on each side. You can get practically the same flavor





indoors by putting the spareribs under a very slow broiler and cooking fifteen minutes on each side.

BARBECUE SAUCE

Chop 1 large onion, 1 small bell pepper, ⅓ clove of garlic, ⅓ cup olive oil. Cook until mixture is light brown in color. Add 3 cups Heinz tomato catsup, 3 cups Heinz chili sauce, ⅓ cup Gebhart's chili powder, ⅓ quart Hormel chicken broth. Simmer for two hours on slow fire and strain. This can be served hot or cold.

The piquant Zanuck discovery demonstrates, on facing page, that there can be glamor even in spareribs! She admits she's no cook, but she can and does prepare spareribs and a special barbecue sauce that amount to art. Left above, with her mother. Special word to the wise: the spareribs taste twice as good when eaten with the fingers! It's a fact.

"One of the salads I serve is called *Tierney salad* by my friends, because they say you never know what's coming next!" confided Gene.

TIERNEY SALAD

Place in a cold bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of crushed garlic. 2 cups cold young string beans (cooked) cut in inch lengths, add 1 cup cold cooked celery root cut in thin slices, three peeled chilled tomatoes cut in cubes and drained, 1 cup cold cooked green peas and enough *Best Foods* French dressing to mix well. Arrange on six lettuce-covered plates and garnish with strips of pimento and green pepper.

"If it's a warm day, ice cream, sherbet or water ice make welcome desserts. Do you know about water ice? You take 2 cups of water, 1 cup (*Please turn to page 86*)



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star of
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AT BETTER RIBBON COUNTERS

Screenland Honor Page

Great beauty is immortal! As long as celluloid lasts, Vivien Leigh's glowing portrait of Emma Hamilton in Korda's big film will live as a tribute to a most gallant and gorgeous woman

"That Hamilton Woman" reveals the artistry of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as they portray those fabulous lovers whose romance is a colorful chapter in England's history



Romney painted her—and fell in love with her beauty. From obscure and sordid beginnings she rose, by reason of her high spirit, intelligence, and fascination to be the beloved of the great naval hero, Lord Nelson. Her story is stirringly realized in Alexander Korda's lavish new motion picture—with interesting implications historically and even more exciting romantically, for who can resist the screen reunion of those real-life lovers of today, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier!





Meet MacDonald Carey!





Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

Latest Broadway stage actor to be snatched by Hollywood is Macdonald Carey. Called "a cross between Tyrone Power and Franchot Tone," he made his legit. hit in the leading man's rôle opposite the fabulous Gertrude Lawrence in the smash play, "Lady in the Dark." Paramount saw him, signed him to a long-term contract. A fine actor, he is also a most ingratiating personality. But don't crowd, girls—he's taking a bride with him to Hollywood, none other than decorative Betty Heckscher of the Philadelphia Heckschers. Above, a portrait. At right, in a scene with Miss Lawrence from the Moss Hart play which brought Carey to stage and screen prominence. We'll be telling you of his Hollywood progress soon.

THERE never was a more bewildered or embarrassed young man than Bill Holden after he had promised to enroll Brenda Marshall's small daughter, Ginger, in a private kindergarten. The teacher immediately jumped to the conclusion that the child was Bill's own and began plying her with questions about her "daddy." When the strangeness of the situation got to be too much for little Ginger she burst into tears and Bill, never having seen her cry before, was doubly upset. The too efficient teacher never gave him a chance to get a word in edgewise by way of explanation. She coaxed the little girl to stop crying by assuring her that her "daddy" wasn't going to leave her there if she didn't want to stay, and that her "daddy would give her a nice big lollypop if she stopped crying." Finally, Bill got around to an explanation and then, Ginger who never called him anything but Bill, seeing him start to leave, very unexpectedly bellowed, "Don't leave me, *Daddy!*" as loud as she could and got a strangle-hold on Bill's coat tail. That teacher is still puzzling the whole situation. And incidentally, Ginger is still not enrolled in school.

THE whisperings have it that the discord repeatedly hinted at as going on between Carole Landis in her new studio connection at 20th Century-Fox, is, finally, all ironed out. That very restrictive clause in up-to-the-minute contracts giving studio executives a say-so on star's contemplated marriages could have, in a pinch, decidedly cramped Carole's plans. She politely and firmly told her bosses so and this hotly contested point stood like a sore thumb right in the middle of their eventual get-together. Miss L. also has seen to it that, now, her contract specifically states that she can date whom she pleases, when she pleases, and no questions asked. "Because," as Carole puts it, "love is that certain something that happens to two people and surely business should never enter into it." However, business is in no sense of the word one of Carole's weak points. In "Miami," her first picture for 20th Century-Fox, she manages to appear in four (count 'em) completely different bathing suits. And, as you'll agree, Miss Landis does exceedingly well by a bathing suit. No matter how you look at *that* it ain't hay. It's more like hey-hey!



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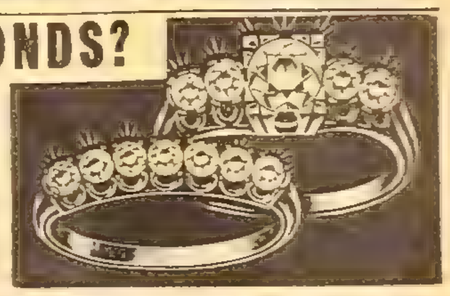
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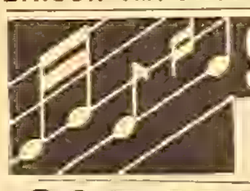
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A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

. . . . From the studio that gave you "That Night in Rio"!

New HIT SONGS
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"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
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"THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"

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Dances staged by
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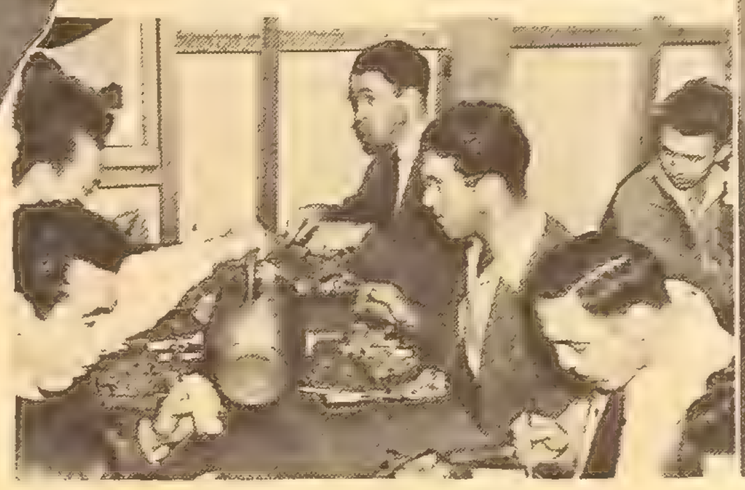
Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrikes" • "Chapman's Cheerful Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wavo"

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Private James Stewart









Above, James Stewart and other men taking the U. S. Army oath of service. Below, find Private Stewart eating his first Army issue meal at the Fort MacArthur, Calif., draftee reception center. Stewart has since been transferred to aviation. Last job was with Paulette Goddard in "Pot o' Gold."

DEAR PVT. STEWART:

From $13,000 a month to $21 is quite a jump, but you've made it, and landed on both feet. From Academy Award Winner-movie star to buck private—it's a new rôle calling for all your talent and so far you're giving your greatest performance. Best part of it is, you're not acting at all.

That first day in Uncle Sam's Army must have been the hardest. You were a Symbol—as somebody said—of America's Young Manhood at its Finest. Now, that's even a harder title to live up to than your Oscar—and it's to your everlasting credit that you didn't try. You didn't attempt to look or act like a Symbol, but just like any other young man being inducted into the Army. The lad whose latest movie job was making love to Paulette Goddard suddenly had to face a barrage of publicity never before aimed at anybody, and you came through with flying colors. I like the story about your first Hollywood visitors, hurrying forward to greet you with outstretched hands. You gave 'em a salute instead—and there were no cameras present.

From Ciro's to K. P. can't be easy; and even a studio call for 6 A. M. was luxury compared to being routed out at 5.30. The erroneous report that your film studio would keep you on the payroll at $1,000 a week must have hurt. After all, James Maitland Stewart from Indiana, Pa., of good American stock, whose father was a Captain in the AEF, who just happened to become a high-paid movie star instead of helping his dad run the family hardware store—that James Stewart is only doing what he, and a lot of other American boys, see as a job to be done. Good luck.

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Mickey Rooney, above, all scrubbed and shiny-looking, proudly embraces Louis B. Mayer and Father Flanagan. Can we expect another sequel—say, "Fathers of Boys Town"? Good idea!



Father Flanagan's magnificent work in behalf of under-privileged boys is screen history. The revered Priest, above with Spencer Tracy, smiles in amusement at Mickey's tale.



The Cocoanut Grove was the scene of this gathering. David O. Selznick applauds Bette Davis upon receiving award for dramatic distinction from Maude Adams. Three geniuses!



Spencer "Father Flanagan" Tracy table-chats with John Considine, Jr., producer of "Men of Boys Town," and Roz Russell, in the M-G-M commissary. The Priest was honored.



Raven-tressed Joan Bennett, above, beams congratulations at deeply-moved Bette Davis. The memorable event of Bette's latest exciting award took place at the "Grove."

FOUR GLORIOUS PICTURE PAGES OF HOLLYWOOD HEADLINERS!

Len Weissman's camera does everything but talk, so we'll supply the dialogue and tell you who's doing what and where



Always conservative, we call a photo-finish as to whom can out-talk who. Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant, above, use their own sound effects at Screen Guild Radio Show.



Who says pop eyes have no oomph? Oh, yeah! Well, look at the expression on the face of Arthur Farnsworth as he gazes at his bride, Bette Davis, at Mitch Leisen's Revue.



A gay crowd welcomed Mitch Leisen's new revue. The younger set was well represented. Above, Dave Rose, Judy Garland and hand-holders Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.



Len Weissman has a Mary's little lamb complex, 'twould seem, as he follows Bette Davis around. Claire Trevor, above, pinch-hit for Bette during a radio rehearsal.



Age has not dimmed their youth (not you, Auer!). William Farnum, George Barbier, May Robson, Hobart Bosworth and Mischa toast Farnum's 50 years in show business.



Sonja Henie, like a dream in Snow White, with her social-ite husband Dan Topping, above, at the premiere of "That Hamilton Woman!" Celebrities galore attended affair.



Ciro's also attracts the glittering stars at night. Witness the above happy foursome: Mr. and Mrs. Stu Irwin; Jack Oakie and Alice Faye. Mrs. Irwin is the former June Collyer.



It's no case of "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" Edward Arnold passes the President's campaign topper for War relief. Above, Eddie Robinson, Melvyn Douglas, Jean Hersholt.



There can be no dispute as to the handsomest romancers in town. Lana Turner and Tony Martin, above, win unquestionably, hands down. Their latest is "The Ziegfeld Girl."



Mary Parker, star of Mitch Leisen's Revue at the Grove, plays "Patty Cake" with Tony Martin, above, much to the amusement of Lana Turner. Mary and Billy Daniel made a hit.



Ann Sothern, all "banged" up (ouch!) leans forward so as not to miss a word Mrs. George Murphy is saying. It seems as though Jimmy Cagney has heard the story before. Eh, Jim?





It seems only yesterday that Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew were cutting childish capers on the screen. But here's proof aplenty that time dances on, and on and on.

Roger Pryor, resplendent in tweeds, rehearsing Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery, above, for the popular Screen Guild Radio Show. Charity, you know, reaps all the benefits.





A hard taskmaster is Roger Pryor as he coaches his stars at the Screen Guild radio rehearsals. Olivia DeHavilland and Robert Young listen attentively to the "Master's voice."

Cocoanut Grove simply oozed with Hollywood Headliners when our roving reporter made his nightly round. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery lend an ear to Ann's Roger Pryor.



By Liza

George Raft and Betty Grable

All Hollywood holds its breath when Betty and George get up to do their rumba! Read what screen cafe-society's most exciting couple really think of each other

THE night I first saw Betty Grable and George Raft dancing together at the Mocambo, Hollywood's smart night club, I decided then and there that I would never dance again, much to the evident relief of my escort. "You're no George Raft," I said to him regretfully, as completely fascinated I watched their graceful bodies sway to the slow intoxicating rhythm of the tango. "And you're no Betty Grable," was his retort discourteous. And I think he had something there.

"If I ever saw two people who were meant for each other," said Joan Blondell across the table, "they're Betty and George. They ought to get married and have children. Oh, there's a rumba! Come on, Daddy," she said to Dick Powell, "let's give them our quiet version of the rumba. Nobody will look at us anyway with Grable and Raft on the floor."

Joan was so right. I mean about Betty and George being meant for each other. People are always getting mismated in this town. I think it's the climate that has something to do with it, and it's so nice for a change to have two people fall in love who have something in common.

Norma Shearer was not for George Raft. They both found that out more sooner than later. Norma is a grand person, but after all she is—and has been for a long time—the First Lady of the Screen. A great dignity goes with that, and also a lot of artificiality. "The First Lady of the Screen" is a definite strain on any guy, it's hard to live up to, and especially on a quiet, modest guy like George who has no more affectation about him than a platter of ham and eggs. The trouble with Norma and her set is that they have completely lost touch with "the little people." George never has. He probably knows personally every John Doe in Hollywood. As a matter of fact he has probably slipped rent money, doctors' bills, funeral bills, etc., to a goodly percentage of them. I know dozens of cases just around the studios where, thanks to George, life has been made easier for unfortunate mugs.

"George is the most generous man I've ever known," Betty Grable said to me. "I can count on one hand the number of nights we've been out that someone hasn't asked him for a loan. Why, one night he shelled out five hundred dollars, without batting an eye. I told him he'd probably never get it back, and he said he didn't care."

Betty has that same warm, human quality that George has. It's no strain to go with Betty. She's frank and honest and fun-loving, without the slightest sham. When she was in New York last year, appearing in "DuBarry

ON FIRE!

Esquire-Globe photo.

Was a Lady," the rich young men about town, including a Prince and wealthy Alexis Thompson, simply went mad about her and fairly smothered her in orchids. (She's allergic to orchids.) After the show every night they would take her to supper at New York's smartest, and most expensive, night clubs. What they didn't realize, poor dopes, is that Betty hasn't got expensive tastes. She'd just as soon had a chocolate soda at the corner drugstore. Swank and ostentation and pretense, which mean so much to New York and Hollywood, don't mean a thing to Betty and George. They simply aren't impressed. No wonder that as soon as they met each other they fell in love.

George first mentioned Betty to me out at the Santa Anita track. George gave me a tip. I ventured two bucks on it, the horse galloped in, and I collected. George was sitting in the bar with his pal Mack Gray and a coca-cola (George never drinks) when I stopped by to thank him. "Don't thank me," he said, "thank Betty. I've never seen anything like the way she can pick the winners. I've made a thorough study of horses. I know everything about them, but can I pick a winner? No. But Betty doesn't know a thing about them. She barely knows the head from the tail. But she can take the morning paper, read over the names, and pick a winner in every race. It's uncanny." And then George, fearful that I might think that he only liked Betty because she picked horses for him, went into a big to-do about her—from which I gathered that the old love bug had (*Please turn to page 84*)



Oscar Levant: SOURPUSS

WHEN the terrible infant of "Information, Please" showed up in Hollywood for his second picture, the event was noted by a columnist thus: "A lot of happy faces turned sour yesterday. Oscar Levant arrived at Paramount."

Oscar blinked, less at the jab than its source. In a spirit of scientific inquiry, he approached the lady. "I thought you were a friend of mine."

"Who says I'm not? That was good publicity I gave you."

Levant offers the story without prejudice. "Maybe she's right. How do I know what's good publicity? I never had a press agent."

Good or bad, the statement was built on more than shifting sands. During Oscar's first tenure at Paramount, strong men swore and weak women wept. Stung by his barbs, they paused not to consider but fled. If they'd taken a good look, they might have discovered that what they had to deal with was no sadistic man-hater but a terrified porcupine at bay.

Proof lies in the pudding. A publicity man, new since the first picture, was assigned to the second. His mates wrung his hand and promised to have a stretcher waiting against his return from the opening bout. He returned grinning, and grinned for the duration of Levant's stay. A girl in the same department, old memories smarting, skirted Oscar on her first trip to the set of "Kiss The Boys Goodbye." He hailed her. Witnesses say she kept her fingers crossed as she wavered toward him. An hour later she emerged, squealing: "I must have been *cra*-zy! He's a *pus*-sycat!"

Why Pussycat Levant clawed through his first picture and purred through his second makes an illuminating tale. Let me say in passing that you who prefer him unregenerate don't have to worry. A sniff of treacle sets his tongue on edge, and his natural habitat will always be an atmosphere of well-turned insult. It's not the insult but the spirit behind it that counts. Oscar's grows mellower. He views the change with detachment. "I don't think I'm so fresh lately. I get this feeling I'm solicitous, kind, and slightly eager. Maybe it's because I don't know as much as the others, so I have to overcompensate."



It didn't work that way last time, so maybe it's because his nerves are less jittery. "Three years ago," he says, "I spent my life in the corner of a restaurant. Everybody else was going to bat. I made the cracks. It's very attractive, this ivory tower you impose on yourself—you can crawl inside and moan that nobody understands you. Suddenly I found myself outside—wide open for cracks to be heaved at me. Sure I know the answer. I could dish it out, why couldn't I take it? In my own racket, I could. But this was something I had no equipment for—like walking a plank. I'm pretty vulnerable. I knew I had a good chance of being lousy. So I got hysterical."

After a concert with the San Francisco Symphony last spring, he came down to Hol- (*Please turn to page 76*)

Exploding the legend of Ogre Oscar Levant and presenting the brilliant and regular guy behind the grimace

By

Ida Zeitlin

TO SWEETIE-PIE!







Hal A. McAlpin

The scowling fellow on the opposite page is just the mask for the real Oscar Levant, who is exposed in our exclusive interview. These pictures help to prove that the famous Sourpuss is a Sweetie-Pie at heart! Top, duet with his pretty wife. Above, accompanying Mary Martin in a song for "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," their new film. Panel at left shows Levant as a proud papa, with Don Ameche in a scene from the film, and—solo.

FIRST WINNER OF THE

JEANETTE MACDONALD SELECTS WINNING LETTER FROM A FAN! AWARDING MISS JANE GIBSON A PERSONAL GIFT AS WELL AS ADVICE ON CAREER PROBLEMS!



Miss MacDonald poses with the lovely costume jewelry which is her personal gift to Miss Gibson, the winner.

JANE GIBSON TO JEANETTE MacDONALD:
"Do you think I should take a chance on a theatrical career or should I teach or marry, casting my life's ambition aside as a foolish dream?"

READ JEANETTE'S FRANK, SINCERE ANSWER IN HER OWN WORDS! EVERY AMBITIOUS GIRL WILL BENEFIT BY THE STAR'S SANE, SENSIBLE ADVICE TOLD FREELY HERE



By Jeanette MacDonald

I'M WRITING this letter to all the Jane Gibsons because the answer is the same to all girls who want to act. So—

Dear Jane:

You say, "Miss MacDonald, what shall I do?"

I want you to walk into your room, shut your door, stand in front of your mirror—and face yourself. I ask you to stand there and analyze your entire situation objectively. Please, for these honest moments, give earnest consideration to your family's thought that you are merely stage-struck. It is possible that you are, you know. There *is* the chance that you are basing your dreams and ambitions upon a desire to experience glamor, the applause and the excitement of a successful theatrical life.

If your honest answer to this suspicion is conclusively no, then I have another quiz box for you on the subject which is foremost in your mind. First, (*Please turn to page 74*)

6 STAR CONTEST!

★★★★★★



A CAREER MEANS *TRIUMPH!*

The star walks through cheering crowds of admirers.



A CAREER MEANS *PARTINGS!*

She kisses her husband before leaving on her tour.

★★★★★★



A CAREER MEANS *INTERVIEWS!*

Facing eager, inquisitive throng of young writers.



A CAREER MEANS *A CROWN!*

She and Ty Power chosen screen's Queen & King, 1939.

★★★★★★



A CAREER MEANS *HANDSHAKING!*

Greeting Gold-Star mothers as they visit studio.

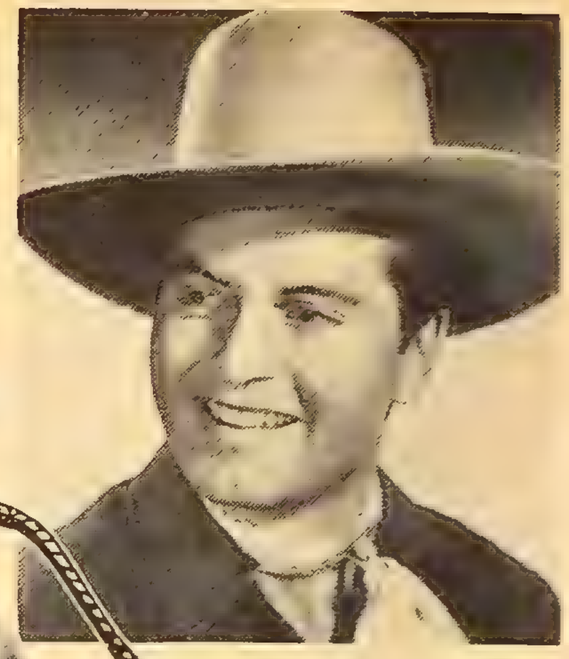


A CAREER MEANS *AUTOGRAPHS!*

At Hollywood movie premiere she gets writer's cramp.

SEE COMPLETE WINNING LETTER ON PAGE 74

The Cowboy and the Blonde



What happens when a handsome he-man meets a frivolous Hollywood beauty? Fireworks! You'll find fun and romance in this rollicking fiction story based on the film co-starring two sensational newcomers, gorgeous Mary Beth Hughes and stalwart George Montgomery

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Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen





WHEN Lank joined up with the Rodeo I just naturally up and went along with him. For all that Lank's so big, six foot four if he's an inch, he sorta needs someone around to look after him, and I didn't want him traipsin' all over the country and maybe gettin' himself in trouble, what with him having the sort of good looks that make women go plumb loco over him. And I'd heard plenty about them Rodeo girls.

Lank was the headliner of the show. You've never seen a surer hand at lassoing a wild steer or showing a bronco his place. Besides it was the way he looked doing them. Even me who's known him since he was knee-high to a grasshopper can see he's an eyeful of cowboy.

So when the picture magazine people came out to take shots of the show, they made the most of Lank and it was his picture they put on the cover too, grinning in that way only Lank can grin, as if he and the world are pals and everything's clover. That's what began all the trouble, for no sooner was the magazine on the stands than some man in Hollywood wrote to Lank and here we were on our way to be in the movies.

Lank didn't like the idea at all, but I took charge of the situation. If ever a boy needed a manager it was Lank, and who was better fitted to be it than me who was his pal? So before he had a chance to say no I'd gotten him in the car, with our horses in the trailer, and we were off.

"Hollywood!" I says to him as we turned into Sunset Boulevard at last, giving him the old pep talk because I could see his heart wasn't in it even now. "It's just like I pictured it. Lookit, there's Earl Carroll's. That's a hot spot. Lots of girls. I seen pictures. Boy, you can tell you're in a new world! It even smells like movies!"

"I don't know," Lank says, not caring at all. "I never smelled a movie." (*Please turn to page 66*)

"I STILL

For the latest lowdown on The Crooner, read this closeup by the one person who knows him best—none other than his beauteous blonde wife! Exclusive family pictures by Mrs. Crosby herself

One little, two little, three little, *four* little Crosbys, below—on vacation with Dad at Sun Valley. Lower, Bing falls—but hard!—for winter sports—by the way, Hollywood stars enjoy the Idaho resort at any season of the year.



PREFER BING!"



Because Bing is allergic to most interviewers, his pretty wife consented to talk about him for us, in the very human, intimate story you'll be reading here. Snapshots are all by Dixie, except the center picture below—that's by Bing, of Mrs. Crosby and their eldest son, Gary.

BY
DIXIE LEE
CROSBY



EVERY five years the Editor calls on me to sit down to the typewriter and "Tell All" about my illustrious spouse. And it seems as though I have barely finished telling everything when five more years have passed and it's time to do it all over again!

Two thousand words seems hardly enough to "Tell All" about a person like Bing, who is a mass of contradictions and changeable as April weather in his moods. On the other hand, five hundred words would more than suffice for what I have to add to the things I have already told about him.

Basically Bing doesn't change. Despite publicity put out by the studio (propagated by Bing, himself, I daresay) he would still appear well up on any knowing person's list of the world's ten worst dressed gentlemen. Caps are still his favorite (*Please turn to page 79*)









Glenn's "best girl" is pretty Patti McCarty, Dorothy Lamour's former secretary who has her first break as an actress in "Under Age."

"WHAT about romance?" I asked Glenn Ford. With a grin, he countered, "What about it? If you mean, am I in love, I can answer, *no!* Not with any one girl—I like 'em all. But this I will say, when I do fall in love I shall marry, for I'll never let anything stand in the way. There are two things a man desires: success, and a happy romance. I want them both. But at present, my career is a full-time job. Romance is, too. So I hope love won't bump into me too soon."

Since Glenn Ford scored sensationally in the picture "So Ends Our Night," as the lonely refugee without a passport, he's been acclaimed one of the brightest of the recent discoveries. His success seems one of those amazing over-night triumphs that frequently hit Hollywood, but he says it isn't sudden, at all. He's worked at it for years, following his pet theory that if you want something very much, and prepare yourself, opportunity will come. And it did for him. But only after many defeats, many disappointments.

An only child, Glenn was born in the little town of Glenford, Quebec, twenty-three years ago. For several generations the family have (*Please turn to page 90*)

Shall I *Marry* an Actress?

By Maude Cheatham

Glenn Ford, best of the new boys in Hollywood, says he's old-fashioned when it comes to girls—he likes the simple, small-town model. Line forms at left!



SIREN AT WORK!

Rita Hayworth lures Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand"



As the handsome young bullfighter beloved by two beauties, Tyrone Power has his great chance to prove himself the screen's most romantic male star in the rôle made famous by Valentino. Rita Hayworth plays the part first enacted by Nita Naldi.

Linda Darnell

SPANISH



LOVERS!

Ayreen Omer



No wonder every pose of Peggy Moran makes a pretty picture! She's been well trained in the photogenic art by her father, well-known poster artist—so now she's a model movie actress.

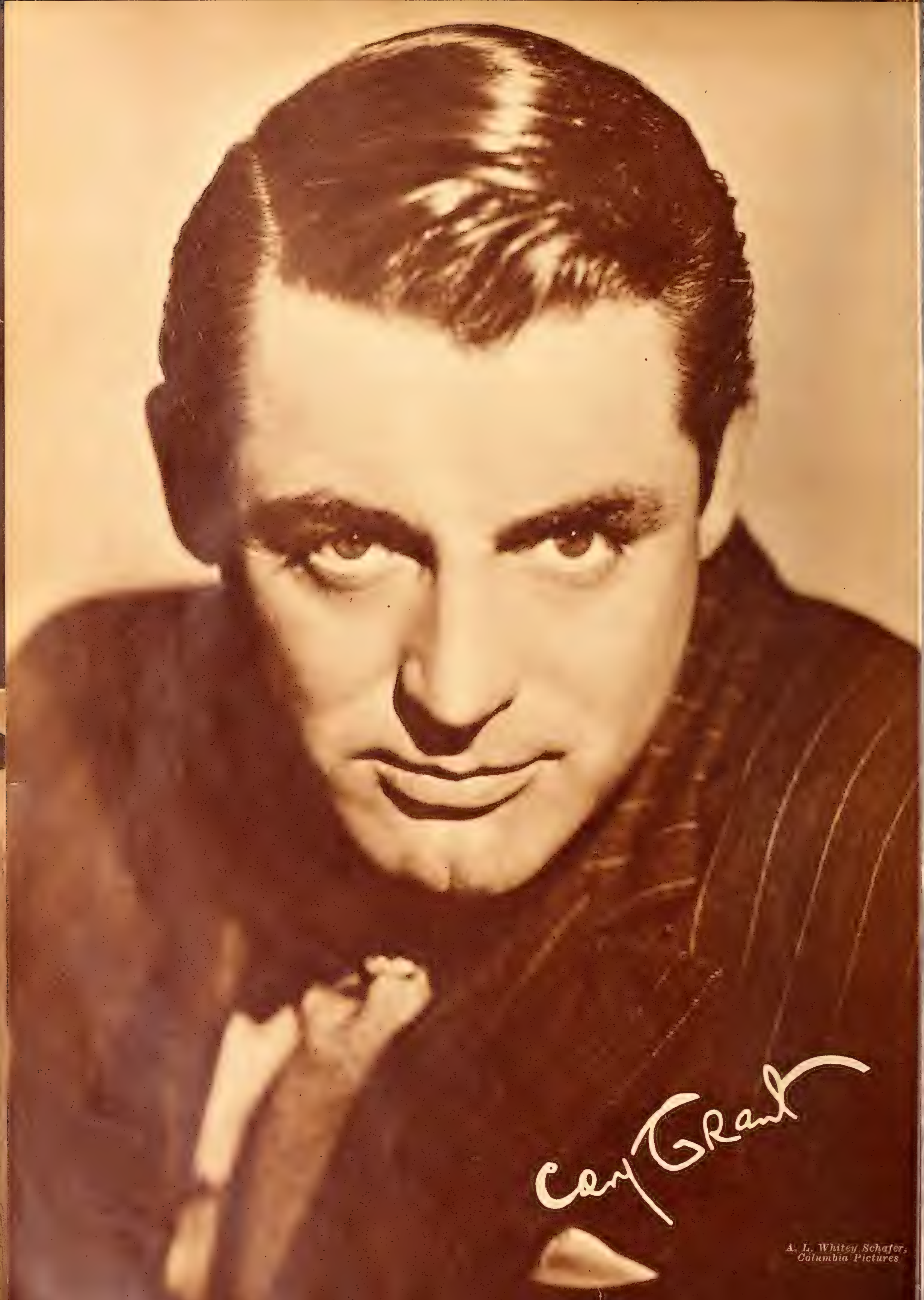
MODEL GIRL!

Universal's starlet poses for her artist-father, Earl Moran





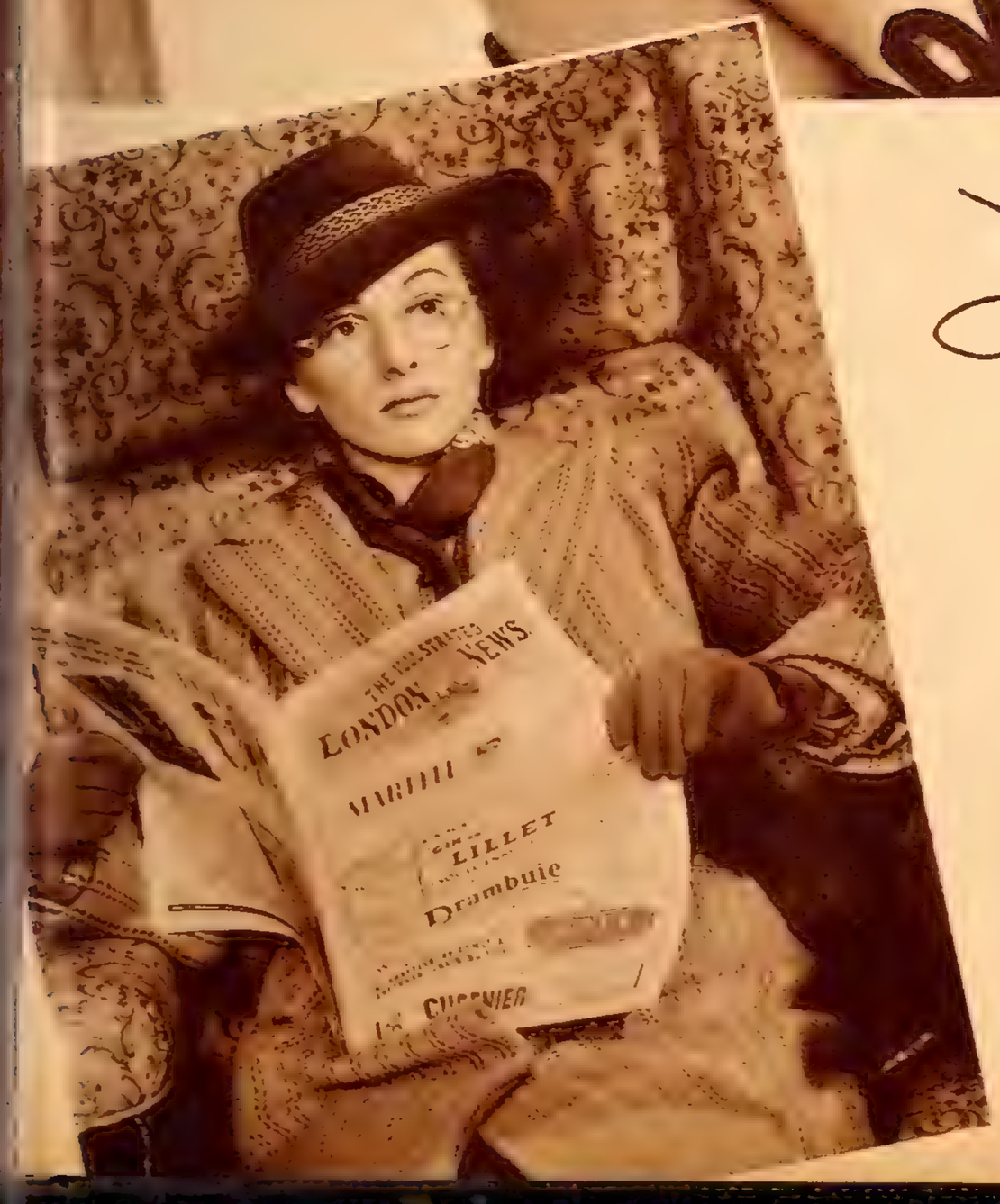
Photographs from F.P.G. Courtesy of Universal Pictures, which features Miss Moran in "Double Date" and "Horror Island" among other films, grooming her for stardom.



A. L. Whitey Schafer,
Columbia Pictures

Ernest A. Bachrach,
RKO-Radio

Joan Fontaine



The "Rebecca" Girl is back! Joan Fontaine co-stars with Cary Grant in Alfred Hitchcock's new mystery romance, "Before The Fact"—in which her acting —see ugly duckling pose, left—and her beauty—see above—are in full bloom

Grant goes from one rich rôle right into another! Having completed "Penny Serenade" with Irene Dunne, he rushed into the Hitchcock movie and between scenes dodged reporters on the trail of his oft-rumored marriage to Barbara Hutton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Hi, Di!

Can it be that Bill Powell is calling on his pretty wife (page opposite) for protection from the wiles of Myrn Loy? No, Joe—it's just a scene fr new Powell-Loy picture, "Love C

Miss Lewis to YOU, Please!

Not that little Diana isn't proud to be Mrs. William Powell, but who can blame her for wanting to make good as an actress on her own? You know she has talent if you saw her in "Go West," with the mad Marxes

Willinger, M-G-M

Schuyler Cra
Warner Bros



LADY in the LIMELIGHT

You can't keep Bette Davis out of the news! And who wants to, when every performance she gives is a masterpiece, her marriage is a romantic idyll, and the girl herself is such a great and genuine personality? Her latest films: "The Great Lie" with George Brent; "The Bride Came C.O.D." with Cagney

No, Bette isn't in a picture with Gary Cooper, but they have been working at the same studio, so tall Coop comes over to visit Miss Bette on her set—and is put to work!

MAN with a MISSION

Gary Cooper is again cast as The Typical American, following "Meet John Doe" with "Sergeant York," picturization of the life of World War hero

Bert Six, Warner Bros.







You'll like Cooper in the rôle of Sergeant York — typical of every "average" yet idealistic American man. At left, with his 16-year-old leading lady, Joan Leslie, when her sister, Mary Brodel, came over to meet Gary.

BEWARE of the BLONDE!

If you like excitement, you enjoyed watching Veronica Lake bemuse the boy heroes of "I Wanted Wings." Watch out for her next film, in which she'll play a night-club singer in embattled China

Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount



HEDY'S HUSBAND!

But only on the screen, in "Ziegfeld Girl," does Philip Dorn have that enviable title of "Mr. Hedy Lamarr." Dorn, young Dutch actor who leaped to film fame in Hollywood with his first fine performance in "Escape," repeats his success as the musician-husband of the gorgeous Hedy in M-G-M's musical extravaganza

Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M



All gowns and hats by I. Magnin and Co. Photographs by Carpenter, M-G-M.

Nothing smarter this Spring than beige gabardine. Ann adds stunning cape of lynx, left. Below, Hattie Carnegie sports ensemble in navy and white checkered wool, with white silk shirt, sleeveless navy blue sweater. Above, you must have at least one "pompadour hat" like Ann's. Facing page: left, dinner dress with definite sarong effect in gay tropical print; right, dream dress of chiffon in green, blue, and yellow.

LADY Be Smart!

Ann Sothern, star of "Lady Be Good," assembles this wonderful wardrobe as a chic change from her *Maisie* clothes







Mac Julian, Warner Bros.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"

Confessions of a Fatalist

Professional secrets, straight from the broad shoulder of a most successful cinema actor

By Walter Pidgeon





Surrounded by such femmes fatale as Pidgeon is, above, who wouldn't be a fatalist? At right, our hero in a closeup from his latest film, "Blossoms in the Dust," which stars lovely Greer Garson.

As told to Gladys Hall

"I'VE never been a Failure," said Mr. Pidgeon, disappointingly, "nor even a near-Failure." He added, "because there's no such thing."

That's how it began and that's how, I thought, it would end. Because I was lunching with "Pidge," as the home-folks call him (his directors call him "a sweetheart" and everyone else in his world calls *on* him when they want favors done) in the M-G-M commissary for the express purpose of asking him to give us his Confessions of a Near-Failure. That's the story I was after. And why not?—because, he *had* failed, hadn't he? When, along around 1929, musicals did a mass floppola, when he left the Warner Brothers Studios, his option about as much good as a wisp of papyrus out'n Tut's Tomb; when he couldn't get a job singing because there weren't any singing jobs; when one of his pictures was billed, "WALTER PIDGEON WILL ONLY SING ONCE IN THIS PICTURE!" and a pal cracked "maybe that's too much, Pidge, eh, what?"; when the sales force at the studio sent a memo to the Front Office, pleading "DON'T GIVE US PIDGEON!"—well, that's being in the neighborhood of failure, isn't it?

Most men, I thought, and still think, would consider themselves near-failures if they'd cooled their heels in Hollywood, unsinging and unsung; if they'd had to pack up and go away without one dissenting voice crying "Stay!"—but if Mr. Pidge wouldn't admit to having been a near-Failure, then I was stopped in my story-tracks—but wait!

"You see," Pidge was saying, then, "I am a Fatalist. Not a word-of-mouth Fatalist, a *practicing* one. The dictionary defines Fatalism as: *Doctrine that all events are subject to Fate and happen by inavoidable necessity.* That's what I believe. And it's by that doctrine that I, not run my life, but *run with it.* There's a difference.

"I believe that we go through cycles, some good, some bad, some productive, some non-productive, but everybody goes through them and we can't do anything about them. Nor should we even try to buck the tide. Because these cycles are similar to the tides which come in and go out, operating impersonally and by the cosmic law under which we are helpless. We can't bid the tides to come in or order them to go out. It's the same with the cycles in our lives which are the tides in the affairs of men. If you try to buck the tide, you know, it tires you, fatigues you. So that when the tide comes in again, *you're too tired to come in with it.*

"I want to make myself very clear about this, however. I wouldn't want people, especially young people, to get the idea that I think we should just sit down and let Life carry us, doing nothing about it ourselves. I don't mean anything of the sort. When I said I do not 'run my life, I run with it,' that's precisely what I mean. Each one of us must pick a point of destina- (*Please turn to page 93*)



Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"MEET JOHN DOE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SPLENDID!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It is Director Frank Capra's and Writer Robert Riskin's finest picture, packing a moral lesson with a wallop and one badly needed right now.

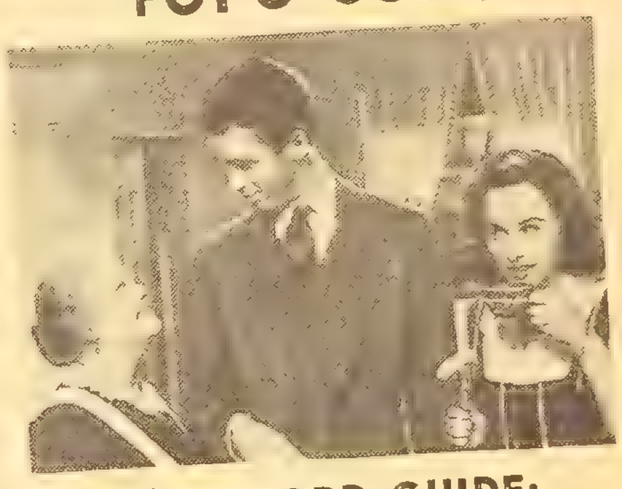
It preaches the doctrine of neighborly love without bathos —and besides, it's always good entertainment.

Its plot concerns the transformation of a hobo into a celebrity and a symbol of good, so it's still the good old American Success Story with all the trimmings even while it is standing up for ideals and all that. It'll be an inspiration to you, painlessly applied.

It offers Gary Cooper his greatest rôle, which he plays with all his usual superb nonchalance—and a little more. It gives veteran James Gleason his long-deserved chance for a magnificent acting comeback as a supposedly hardboiled guy who's really soft inside. It has Barbara Stanwyck in one of her typically believable forthright rôles—and Walter Brennan and Edward Arnold at their best.

Warner Bros.

"POT O' GOLD"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It is James Roosevelt's first effort as a Hollywood producer, and while frankly light-weight it should please, particularly youngsters.

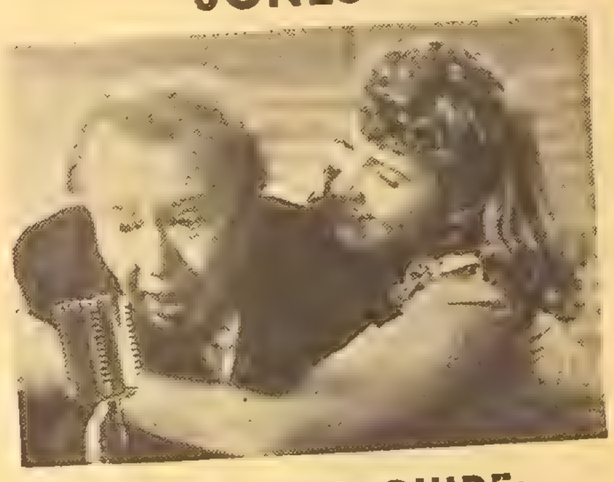
It is refreshing because it is so unpretentious, never aspiring to more than its just claim of creampuff entertainment.

Its plot (?) glorifies the efforts of a musical-minded boy and girl to put over a swing band despite opposition from the boy's rich and business-like sourpuss of an uncle—and you need be no soothsayer to guess which side wins. It's fair fun while it lasts.

It gives grand Charles Winninger a riproaring opportunity to amuse you as the crusty uncle. He's good for many laughs. You'll enjoy James Stewart and his lanky-lazy technique as the boy, though you may wonder why he went to all that trouble for Paulette Goddard, whose appeal seems so superficial here. Horace Heidt and his band help. Heidt photographs handsomely though he's no actor—but he and his boys put on a sparkling show.

United Artists

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It's the gay, original, and uninhibited first production effort of writer Norman Krasna and Jean Arthur's husband, Frank Ross.

It presents a fresh idea unhampered by stodgy convention —and, amazingly, as fresh in dialogue and direction as in theme.

Its plot imagines the humorous plight of a rich man who takes an incognito job as shoe clerk in his own store to uncover the ringleaders of a union who have been holding him up as Horrible Employer Example No. 1. Result of it all is: he ends up in the picket line himself.

It's a field day for Charles Coburn as the rich man—just the fat part this fine and versatile actor has been working up to. And how he plays it! Jean Arthur holds her own as the salesgirl who befriends him, and she's as personable and appealing as always. Robert Cummings, because of unfortunate direction or his own exuberance, over-acts.

RKO-Radio

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"THE GREAT LIE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GOOD!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It gives Bette Davis a chance to be young and glamorous again, with fewer sob scenes than usual—about time, isn't it!

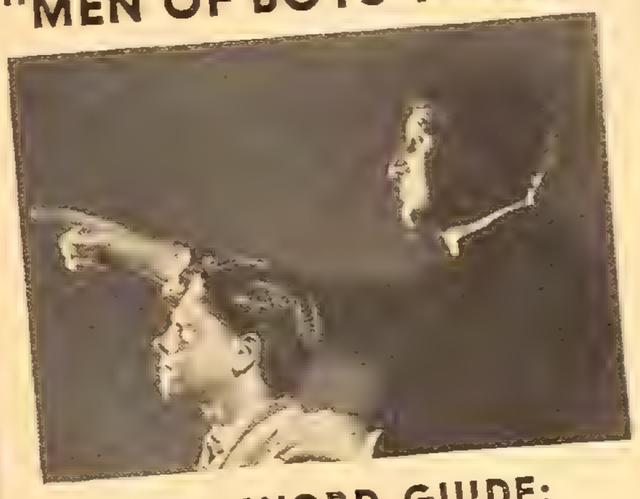
It's one of those pictures women are supposed to go for —and most of them doubtless will—but can the men take it?

Its plot—the triangle again, this time two women after one man, with Woman I. wholeheartedly in love with him, Woman II. sharing him with her career. Complications: a Baby belonging to Woman II. and mothered by Woman I, and that's plenty complicated.

It's Bette "Dark Victory" Davis again, and welcome—she is full of youth and charm and humor in some scenes, and looks lovely; of course, she has some of those emotional scenes, too, and altogether it's a brilliant performance. George Brent is handsomely plausible as the sought-after gent. Mary Astor, though attractive and interesting as a high-powered woman pianist, is scarcely convincing competition for the appealing Miss Davis.

Warner Bros.

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It is the sequel to the successful "Boys Town" of two years ago, with the same stars, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.

It gives the whole family a chance to cry and laugh at the same movie for once, being wholesome but never a bore.

Its plot continues the saga of Boys Town, the life work of the famous Father Flanagan to rehabilitate wayward boys, schooling them to become worthy citizens.

One of his best jobs is character played by Mickey, who tries to carry out the Priest's teachings.

It is the team of Tracy and Rooney you'll go to see and you won't be disappointed. Tracy's *Father Flanagan* has become a classic rôle, but he seems in this sequel to realize its opportunities even more poignantly. Mickey, shedding more and more of his mannerisms as he grows up, is sincerely moving. Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman are outstanding in supporting rôles.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
IMPRESSIVE!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It unites the attractions and talents of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as a team of Great Lovers of History.

It's a typical Alexander Korda production—big, lavish, often exciting and always seeming "important."

Its plot—well, you know, as who does not, the romantic appeal of the beauty who was the sensation of her time, playing her own piquant part in British history and being an "influence," good or bad, on the great and glorious Horatio Nelson. It's all glamorized.

Its stars are perfection as you'd hope. Vivien Leigh's *Emma* will bewitch you, a provocative creature of mood and impulse, tamed only by her devotion to England's hero of Trafalgar. She's always fascinating, sometimes exciting, and finally terribly touching. The picture is hers—Olivier's Nelson is dignified but not quite real. Sara Allgood is a delight as *Emma's* garrulous mother; Alan Mowbray excellent as *Sir William Hamilton.*

United Artists



CARMEN MIRANDA Turns On

South American siren speaks her mind about North American men. Boys, take a bow!

By Charles Darnton

CUPID seemed to be skirmishing around the rim of her plate, shooting his little darts from one angle then another and always—ping!—scoring a direct hit on his heart-shaped target. So it happened that lunching with Carmen Miranda proved to be both a social pleasure and a liberal education in the tender art. For, in the course of it, she turned on love—hot and cold. As to her own temperature, it came out, revealing the real Miranda, her true quality, with passing, of all things, the pepper!

"No, thank you," sizzled the Brazilian Bombshell. "Pepper from the outside I don't use it because always I have it on the inside!"

That spilled it. Curbing an impulse to throw salt over my left shoulder, I made contrite apology. After all, carrying coals to Newcastle would have been a highly intelligent procedure compared to offering a little warm seasoning to a lady fully equipped with her own central heating. But, rather than the slow, steady kind, hers was an explosive heat. She fairly popped with it. Vital statistics to the contrary, I felt sure Carmen Miranda had been born in a fireworks factory.

"But I am *not* the beeg bombshell," she flashed with a blinding smile, "I am just the leetle bombshell—no strong. It is only when they geeve me many lines to speak in 'That Night in Rio' that my head it is beeg like this," and she made a gesture of balloon proportions.

Bound about that head was a flaming scarf that gave her electric face, vivid in its lightning changes, a gypsy defiance, a wild flavor. Challenging, provocative, she was heady as sun-drenched wine of mellowed years. (If this doesn't sound reasonable, neither is she.) As for her own years, they apparently were on the knowing side of twenty-five—that is, one over. And hers, if I'm any good at guessing, was a woman's knowledge calculated to put Mona Lisa's in the kindergarten class.

Big or little, as bombshells go these days, the one and only Miranda—there's no one like her in the whole amusement world—certainly could let loose her "Souse American" songs with a bang. This she first did in what she, like New York's scholarly Al Smith, pronounces "raddio." Then, after a night club sortie in Rio de Janeiro, she took a shot at the New York stage and made a killing. There, in turn, too few of her songs were "shot" for the picture, "Down Argentine Way." And now here she was a Hollywood star of first magnitude in "That Night in Rio" and running away with the whole picture without turning a hair of her turbaned head. It was her songs, or rather her sexy way of singing them, that won her sensational film distinction. This being the case, I wondered if there were much sex down her way.

"Ah, sex!" she glowed. "In my home the people they like it more as anything! Other peoples, too. That first time in Noo York I am a leetle afraid, but it comes out good. Right away they know what I mean, so it make no diff'rance they don't understand the words. They like when I sing of love, songs more funny and no sentimental, with a leetle bit of slang and—you know?"



LOVE! HOT and COLD!





Carramba! Could she doubt my knowing she sang of the land where she had lived and laughed and loved, just to mention a few details?

"A'right," she agreed. "Now I ask *you* something." Her face grew serious with import. "Is it not from sex that comes love, and from love that comes life—yes?"

There was the answer as well as the question. Let dry philosophers write weighty tomes on the subject that the juicy Miranda could put into a mouthful. "But the love it must be warm like the heart," she insisted, clapping a hand on the general region of that organ. "The cold love it is no good around the house if the people they get married, no. It is just part of the furnishure, something what you buy in the store and push in the room. Per'aps I explain it to you more if I say it is like the icebox. That is a'right in the kitchen, but not okay in other rooms. When this happen then the husband and the wife they also are just furnishure. That is because sometimes the husband he buy the wife and vichy versus. What they have in their hearts is money, not love, (*Please turn to page 88*)

Flying Colors for Summer

Rita Hayworth, radiant star of "Affectionately Yours," illustrates her conception of a typical Young American Summer wardrobe. For where to buy these fashions, see Page 92



¶ Ascending a long, golden stair, Rita's dark beauty is accentuated by a classical gown of white Jersenese by Celanese. The beautifully draped bodice is achieved by bias, braided bands of the fabric and the tiny draped sleeves add just enough restraint for that "one gown to go everywhere." The gown has no dated details. You may wear it the year-around. White is perfect for your one formal gown; pastels, also. Under $20.

¶ For that one after-dark gown to go on vacation, Rita's choice in brilliant tri-colors is excellent. For she chooses a shirtwaist model in Jersenese by Celanese. The demure shirtwaist is white with short sleeves and the cummerbund and flowing skirt are brilliant red. A tiny wool jersey bolero in deep blue accompanies. That cape Rita is wearing is not part of the costume. Very packable and very picturesque; and under $20.



¶ Don't face warm days without at least one jacket costume. Rita's favorite is a tailored frock with softly fitted jacket in cocoa Tropic Sky, a Celanese washable rayon crêpe. You can travel in this outfit; you can go to business, to luncheon, to cocktails—everywhere. The jacket gives a formal touch. Without, you have a cool little tailored frock. Douse it in gentle suds when it needs refreshing. Top it with your best white breton or sailor, add your white gloves, or dress it up with darker accents. It will see you through so many needs that you'll live in it and love it. In lovely colors, and happily priced at about $8.





¶ For less formality, here is a three-way frock, with great possibilities. Rita likes this in a muted, cool green, but it comes in other fresh solid tones as well as a white polka dot on a variety of backgrounds. This dress has three lives. It is a two-piecer, so you may fit the blouse with its tie belt to another skirt; you may use the skirt with another blouse, or you may wear these good partners together. It is made of Carlisle, a Celanese rayon washable crêpe, and is carefully made to fit and keep its original good lines in spite of washings. The blouse has back fullness and the skirt a good slim swing for freedom. A little Summer treasure, at about $8.

PLAY PANORAMA

¶ For the play scene, choose a play suit with its own skirt. This will see double duty. In the suit, you are ready for the great outdoors and the country verandah. Add the skirt, and you can go 'most any place. Right, we have Rita in a pageant of color—raspberry for the suit with white sleeves and yoke; panels of raspberry, soft blue, and white for the skirt. For the flattery of color and more color, here is your play suit. Made of soft, cool rayon jersey by Celanese; priced at about $12. Another play suit to hold attention is the one below. This is also made of Celanese rayon jersey, white with a warm South American red for the collar and pocket of the suit and the gay skirt. The suit buttons with little gold-colored stars which also brighten the convenient pockets of the skirt. You'll look as gay as a geranium on the verandah in this. Priced at about $10. Both suits are tailored with care, with comfortable details for freedom, and smartness, above all! Other colors available.







¶ A light summer suit is not extravagance when you choose a well tailored model to see you through several seasons. A classical, three-button model with a front kick pleat skirt has a life as long as that of the proverbial cat. Rita's suit comes in Wingstrut, a Celanese rayon sharkskin, woven for a porous coolness but with a body to retain tailored lines. The suit is happily priced at about $12.95. Rita adds a casual felt, bright gloves and 'kerchief and carries a fabric bag featuring one of the British American Ambulance Corps Textiles, in special design.

¶ When you buy wearing apparel or accessories featuring these fabrics, 10% on all original fabric sales goes toward the purchase of more ambulances for the British cause.



¶ If you like the crisp freshness of sharkskin fabrics, then Rita is wearing *your* suit. This comes in Cellbreeze, a lightweight rayon sharkskin by Celanese, to take washing after washing. The fabric seems, too, to resist the usual crumpling of leisure lounging and retains its pristine whiteness through much suds. In the small picture, you see the rayon print skirt that accompanies the suit. Rita chose the skirt in a lemon yellow with white and brown in a big tropical print. The skirt comes in other colors, priced about $8. The fashions in these pages have the approval of Rita Hayworth for their beauty, their style and their all-around adaptability for the needs of young Miss America on vacation or at home, in town or country.





If you like those smart accessories, beret, bag and ringlet bow, that Priscilla Lane wears with her trim suit, you can make them at little effort and cost, of Royal Swan grosgrain ribbon in alternating stripes of a rich red and navy. Add your favorite emblem for a military note. Easy to do, so new and very inexpensive.

For your sweetheart, far, far away in camp! Begin your knitting now. Military set, knitted of Botany No-Dye-Lot yarn, in easy standard knitting stitch. Any or all will make truly appreciated gifts and will add much to his soldiery comfort and dash.



Brand New Ideas for Those Who Sew and Knit

Instructions for making the beret, bag and ringlet bow trio, and for knitting the man's set will be sent free on request to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland



In this case, the blonde bride wore white lace, and she is Anna Neagle, as you will shortly see her in "Sunny." With pompadours and pompadour effects so much in vogue, the bridal veil or cap should add great beauty to the blonde, brunette or red heads. There is a trend, too, toward unconventional flowers for the bridal bouquet, but the orange blossom still holds traditional honor with other wedding sentiments.

"The Bride Wore White"

By

Courtenay Marvin

THOUSANDS upon thousands of times each year that line, "The bride wore white—" appears in newspapers throughout the country. In spite of some tendency toward soft pastels for the formal wedding gown, the brides predominantly still wear white. White for this gown seems as much a tradition of romance as the Declaration of Independence does of our nation, and is much, much older.

Perhaps no other material point of any wedding receives and deserves as much consideration as the wedding gown. Later, it will be treasured in a chest, cherished in memory, and for those in any doubt, white is advised. You may wear a white bridal gown but once in your life. Opportunity does not knock twice in this instance. If you remarry, it may be in whatever color you choose but never again in the white of that first young love.

A wedding gown need not be costly or an heirloom to be beautiful. At this point, many Deanna Durbin admirers have enjoyed the vicarious romantic thrill of her beautiful engagement diamond. When you read these words, you will probably know exactly what Deanna wore, probably something simple and beautiful in keeping with her youth. If you are young and romantic and Father's life will not be marred by a financial splurge, then remember the poetic gown Madeleine Carroll wore in "Virginia," an idea easily adaptable and distinctly in the currently popular Early American trend. Or, if you have an eye toward beauty but not cost, Ann Rutherford in "Keeping Company" offered a happy inspiration. She wore a lovely decolleté gown (*Please turn to page 82*)

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

MADAME OUSPENSKAYA is as famous a teacher of the drama, as she is an actress. The latest giggle here over her dramatic antics concerns her methods of instructing her students. The story is told about an actress you all know very well on the screen who enrolled with Ouspenskaya for some brushing up. "Ah, yes," said the fiery Russian, "we will start immediately! Show me how you walk. Let me see you cross the room. I want you to walk as though you were carrying on your head a pitcher, one-quarter filled with thick cream." The actress was amazed but a good sport. She walked—and beautifully! However, Madame was far from pleased. She found fault, she asked for repeats, and finally the great Ouspenskaya cried in desperation, "That is not right! I told you the pitcher was one-quarter filled, *not* half full!" But did this bit of subtlety floor the ambitious actress? No! She tried again and yet again.

A CERTAIN florist in town has just recently confided to a certain writer that his shop has for the past month had a standing order to deliver to Miss G. Garbo, one lonely yellow rose each and every day until further notice. If some deluded romantic is thinking that such a gesture will pique the melancholy Swede's fancy, he's mistaken. Miss G. has, for years, taken truck loads of anonymous flowers in her silent stride and has never as much as raised an inquisitive eyebrow. Can't help wondering what she does with these. . . .

THOSE in the know are whispering that the often hinted at enmity between George Raft and that so-famous actress, didn't get any nearer an open feud during their working together in that Warner picture because neither one gave the other the chance to be anything but distantly and formally polite. . . . The day after Katharine DeMille suffered the tragic loss of her son by drowning, Joan Crawford had a score of workmen employed building a fence completely around her beautiful pool for the utmost protection of little Christine.

"Rookies on Parade," gay new film, features Bob Crosby, Ruth Terry, and Marie Wilson (below). At right, Gene Autry with his new and elegant heroine, Virginia Dale, "borrowed" from Paramount for lead rôle with Gene in "Singing Hills."





MANY people insist that the new women's short hair vogue that is being affected throughout Hollywood will eventually sweep the country and cause an unprecedented hairdressers' boom, and most likely numberless mass male suicide pacts as a last-resort protest. Feeling has already risen to an alarming pitch of pro and con over this silly to-do concerning your favorite femme's crowning glory. There are those who insist that Janet Gaynor's (the shortest in town) drastically diminished curls are "too cute," and others who think she looks exactly like little Willie, freshly shaved and shorn for a cool summer's cavorting in the ol' swimming hole. However, *everybody* is positive that Janet's ulterior motive in sporting that amazing freshly plucked look, is that she is flaunting her one-woman decision that she is the only actress in Hollywood minxy enough to play *Maria* in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." That, Hollywood figures, is the reason behind the whole new fad. If there soon isn't some kind of curb on our actresses shearing their hair, I wish they could all manage to look as well as Mary Astor does with *her* cropped head. Men would go for that kind of cut, I know. Mary's coiffure, you'll agree, is outstandingly stunning in "The Great Lie."

NOW, at last, Hollywood has gotten around to giving some share of its attention to Ingrid Bergman, and the most amazing tales have begun to be gossiped about this Swedish sensation. As the stories go, Ingrid is the only actress in Hollywood who isn't ashamed to admit that she cooks and washes for her husband and child and, what's more, thinks it the most natural thing in the world to do. On the other hand, because of her overwhelming shyness she registered under an assumed name at a local dance studio for instruction on how to step off the simplest fox trot and waltz rhythms. She admits she doesn't know how to dance, and that she's much more at home and happy in her own kitchen than she is on a sound stage. Her household gets along beautifully without a single butler, chauffeur, secretary, cook or even maid. Ingrid thinks the real reason Hollywood is so successful, is unquestionably due to the thousands of perfectly trained technicians and *little* people here who work the whole fantastic show, unseen, from behind. Do you wonder the raves are being shouted in praise of Ingrid Bergman from every department in the industry?

DID you know that Charles Boyer still does all his counting and mental arithmetic in French and many times restaurant waiters have to be very patient while *M'sieu* tries to check and double-check the column of figures first in English and then reverts to his native tongue to be sure that everything is right? . . . Those startling turbans that the Brazilian bombshell, Carmen Miranda, flaunts with such dash, are not, as envious Hollywood women have been led to believe, John Fredricks or Lilly Daché creations. Miranda whips them up herself in inspirational moments from odd- and ends of brilliant material to add an extra eye-flash or two in her direction. . . .

By Weston East



Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert co-star again in "Skylark." Watch for complete fictionization of film in early issue of SCREENLAND.

HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY OF THE MONTH

Meet "Tillie the Toiler"—in real life newcomer Kay Harris, "discovered" by producer Robert Sparks of Columbia Pictures in Cincinnati, Ohio, where Kay was working as secretary in a radio station. Sparks, who had tested hundreds of girls for the starring rôle of *Tillie* in the movie version of Russ Westover's famed comic strip, took one look at Kay and arranged a Hollywood contract. Result, there's a cute new kid on the road to stardom! Nice angle on this success story is that producer Sparks was honeymooning with Penny Singleton, famous *Blondie* of his other popular series, when he discovered Kay—and bride Penny approved the choice with alacrity.



BLACK CAT BRINGS LUCK!

"Pretty Pussy!" says Anne Gwynne, and with good reason—Anne gets her best rôle to date in "The Black Cat," in which she is the ingénue lead—with such sterling thespians as Basil Rathbone and Gale Sondergaard, below, supplying the menace.



INFORMATIVE miniature interviews: says James Stephenson, the critic's pride, and the despair of Hollywood's more patronizing hostesses since his first virile appearance on the screen: "I've never been in such overwhelming social demand before in my life! It's much too fantastic to believe. Nevertheless, I cannot accept dinner invitations from these total strangers simply on the strength of my performance in 'The Letter.'" . . . Rita Hayworth, whose sleek and luscious lines have put a permanent dent in the egos of a few stars who visibly fade beside her startling chic, throws a bountiful bouquet straight at her husband. "Why should I deny it?" says Rita, "I'm terribly proud! My husband *does* choose most of my clothes for my personal wardrobe. If there is any credit due, it goes to him." . . . Ann Sothern, the frankest girl in town says, "Yes, Roger and I have had a misunderstanding, what normal marriage doesn't have its ups and downs? Yes, it could have been serious. But everything is just as it should be again. It's time to call off the rumor hounds. We are *not* getting a divorce!"

SOMEHOW you never expect Ronald Colman to be a hail-fellow-well-met, practical-joking kind of person, but he does possess a lively sense of humor, even if a little on the incredible side. A friend and Ronnie were exchanging crisp, British pleasantries on the set of his new picture, "My Life With Caroline." The setting was a replica of one of our famous Western ski resorts. Ronnie begged his guest a moment's interruption. Might he introduce a charming young girl? Colman pointed, "She's on the other side of the set, I'll bring her over here." As the friend watched, Ronnie crossed the great hall like a figure in a fantastic dream. The farther he moved away the larger he appeared to grow. At the other side of the room he actually loomed to awful proportions. Other people were dwarfed beside him. Then still more fantastic, reticent Mr. Colman politely put his arm about the waist of a smartly dressed miniature girl in ski togs and swung her to a sitting position on his right shoulder and started back across the room. With a grin, Ronnie introduced the young girl, a midget, and explained the whole gag. The setting, something new in Hollywood, is all an optical illusion. It's built in perspective to appear huge and is, in reality, less than ordinary size. Consequently the background has to be peopled with diminutive extras to keep the whole thing on the same scale. The perfect illusion got the better of Ronnie's pixy sense of humor.

THERE never were greener looks of envy ever cast in anyone's direction than are right now being rather coldly tossed at Barbara Stanwyck by every other fighting-for-the-top female in Hollywood. Barbara is smack on the pinnacle of the heap what with her hits in "The Lady Eve" and "Meet John Doe," and that's a bad place to be if you're not ready and able to fight tooth and toenail to keep yourself there. There is no inference intended that Barbara can't fight her own battles, because *fight* is the best thing that red-headed Ruby Stevens from Brooklyn has ever been able to do. She's been punching along for herself ever since she was fourteen years old. On her own admission she fought like fury with every studio she ever was under contract to. That's why she's free-lancing now. That's how it happened that she made her own deal with Frank Capra. And that's how, rumor has it, it was arranged that she made that picture for not one cent of salary, but for a better deal than any other woman in Hollywood ever arranged for herself—a percentage of the picture's entire box office take. And *that's* how it happens, also, that all the other actresses in town are giving her that gimlet eye. But Barbara Stanwyck's one gal who can take the gimlet eye from all and sundry.

EACH member of the fabulous family of the Lane sisters has always mercilessly kidded all of the other members of the clan in a little game they've played between themselves for years. There is no more to the gag than simply poking all matter of fun at the other's boy friends, particularly when these swains are new to the family or when they are too ga-ga in their attentions. All the girls have at one time or other taken the count with a royal roasting, but Rosemary, right now, is getting the worst ribbing in the family's history. The whole group happened to be present the other night at a smart café where they were celebrating a kind of reunion. All the members of the party had ordered and Rosemary happened to be the last to tell the maitre d'hôtel what she had chosen. She gave her order but the fellow just remained standing there mooning deeply into her eyes. Suddenly he took a deep breath. "Miss Lane," he pleaded, "will you do me a great favor?" Rosemary smiled and answered, "Of course, what is it?" The waiter hesitated, sighed and then whispered tenderly, "Call me Andre!" Those three words have become the Lane family's cue for a hilarious laugh at Rosemary's expense.

DID you know that Ingrid Bergman has never let a Hollywood make-up man ever apply the standardized glamor mask to her features? Very few actresses here would venture before a camera without that accepted, flattering make-up. For this rugged individualism of Ingrid's we have been rewarded with the fresh naturalness of her beauty and a curious kind of reality in all she does that is rarely seen on the screen. . . . The one thing that any visitor leaving the Don Ameche home is always most warmly and deeply impressed over, is the beautiful private shrine installed there for the at-home worship of his devout family. The Ameches have the special permission of authorities to perform church rituals there. . . . No wonder Sabu has all the young girls in town looking daggers at each other over each one's insistence that the young Hindu has given them that certain sly insistence of the eye. Sabu makes a sight that isn't readily forgettable when he rides down the boulevard in his brilliant, new, bright yellow station wagon casting those friendly knowing looks most generously. Every girl is positive they are meant for her exclusively.

CAN'T you just visualize how fittingly this whole incident was acted out with Merle Oberon lending her very own charming brand of British hauteur to set the pace? She was skimming along a beautiful stretch of California countryside on her way to an early morning studio call. Soon her limousine slowed to a halt and our cool-eyed actress, as is her British wont, slipped out of her car and set off down the road for a brisk walk. Her chauffeur, who was not in uniform, followed slowly in the limousine. Miss Oberon rapturously inhaled the spring morning beauty of that avenue-bordered lane. But soon there was an intrusion in this private ritual. An important little roadster had joined the slow procession and our heroine sensed rather than saw that both machines stopped and she began to hear voices being raised and then she barely caught the challenge of the intruder threatening, "Just because you drive a big shiny car don't think you can follow that girl!" Merle whirled around and came between the two men just in time and charmingly explained the situation to the fiery young Lochinvar. He was so embarrassed he didn't utter a word, but crimsoned to the ears, raced to his car and hurriedly headed in the opposite direction. In an amused and flattered frame of mind Merle drove on to her studio.



Mama-and-papa-to-be, Lili Damita and Errol Flynn, reunited when Errol returns from Hawaii, where he purchased the estate which will be the future home of the Flynn family, between film chores.

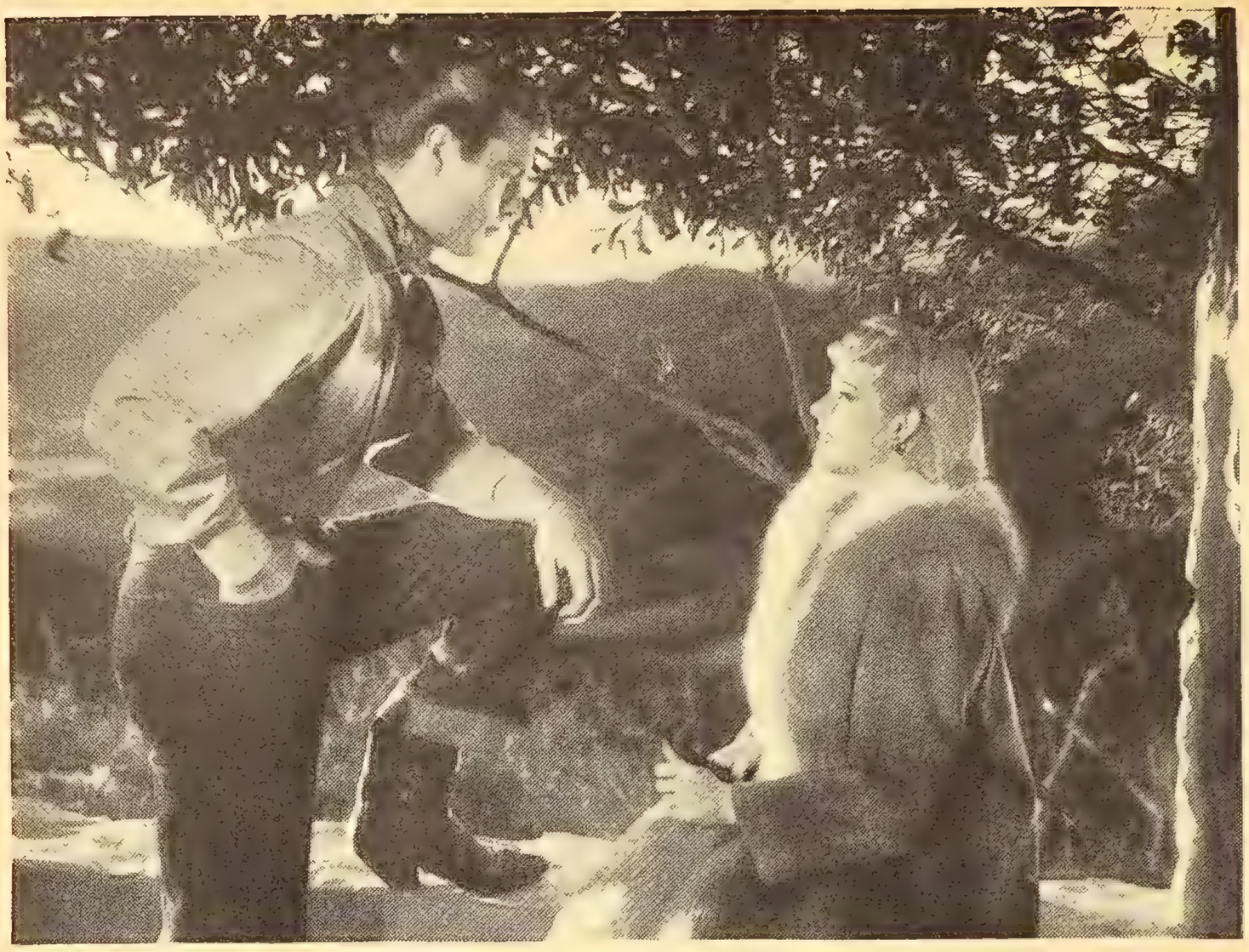
NOW that Hollywood has at last had the opportunity of closely focusing its prying eyes into Sonja Henie's marriage at close real closeup view, the I-told-you-so conclusion arrived at is that Sonja is every bit the major-domo in self-managing that happy union that know-it-alls predicted she'd be.

A GIRL AND TWO GUYS!

But as usual, only one lucky man can win, and in this case he is Jeffrey Lynn, caught giving Priscilla Lane the kiss of triumph, below, for "Million Dollar Baby." Good-natured loser is Ronald Reagan, at right with Pat and Jeff.







"THE COWBOY AND THE BLONDE"

Copyright 1941 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp. Directed by Ray McCarey. Associate producers, Ralph Dietrich and Walter Morosco. Screenplay by Walter Bullock from original story by Walter Bullock and William Brent.



Cowboy meets Blonde! George Montgomery and Mary Beth Hughes, in title rôles of our colorful fictionization, discover each other against a beautiful backdrop of the outdoors. At right, the movie blonde shows temperament, and the cowboy is amused.

The Cowboy and the Blonde

Continued from page 31

I decided to ignore that. No sense in gettin' into an argument and maybe havin' Lank turn around and mosey back to New Mexico and the ranch.

"And pretty soon you'll be part of it all," I says, slapping him on the back. "Maybe a big star."

"Movies are not for me." Lank shook his head. "I keep tellin' you that, Skeeter."

"Well, *stop* tellin' me!" I said. "They's money in movies, big money. And you got as good a chance as any. Make a lot of dough quick-like. Think of the stock that'll buy for the ranch."

"You sure do a lot of plannin'!" Lank shook his head, but I could see that the idea of doing things for the ranch got him. That ranch of his near the Gila River comes second in Lank's heart. Ethyl comes first, of course.

"If you won't think of yourself, Lank," I said then, "think of Ethyl. Ethyl's got to have her chance. And they go for blondes out here. She'll be famous right along with you."

And I'll be a son of a gun if Ethyl didn't hear me away back there in the trailer where she was riding, for she let out a whinny you coulda heard clear back to New Mexico. Lank grinned at that and leaned out of the window to look back at her, and Ethyl began stamping those legs of hers that are as good as Marlene Dietrich's in their own way. All palomino horses are easy to look at, but I never seen as pretty a one as Ethyl.

"Take it easy, girl," Lank said. "We'll be goin' home soon."

"Don't talk like that, Lank," I told him. "Not till we get that money, anyway."

But I knew having a movie star on my hands wasn't going to be any cinch when I saw Lank beginning to get that restless look in his eyes when we saw the World Wide Studio ahead of us. And when we sailed through the gates and the man in uniform came running after us and jumped on the running board I figured I'd better handle the thing.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked as Lank put on the brakes.

"We're Lank Garrett," I told him, "and we're here to have a test made. Mr. Johnson sent for us. Mr. Phineas Johnson."

Well, I could see Mr. Johnson must be the boss of the outfit the way he took that and just motioned us to go in when I showed him the letter he'd sent Lank.

We'd been told to report to the casting office and we were just wondering where it would be when we saw the girl. She was coming out of one of the buildings marked "Star Dressing Rooms" and for all that she looked like she was in a temper about something, she was the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on. Blonde, and with a figure that was made to fit into a man's arms, she made even me who never had much use for girls want to take my heart out and send it to her all tied up with pink ribbon bows.

That's what worried me, thinking what Lank might be feeling, I mean, for I didn't want him getting all mixed up with these Hollywood girls any more than I had with the Rodeo ones. When the time came for Lank to be getting back to that ranch with all the money for the stock and everything, it would be soon enough for him to be thinking of some nice ranch girl who'd make him a good wife. You know what I mean, a square-shooting sort of girl, a *real* girl who'd want a home and kids. For to my way of thinking, only the best is good enough for Lank. But this girl looked like trouble the minute I saw her.

"Pardon me, palomino," Lank said to her, and that sort of got me nervous too, seeing that he noticed that blonde hair of hers was just about the same color as Ethyl's. "Could you tell me where the casting office is?"

She drew herself up and glared at him. "Just who do you think you're addressing?" she said. "And what was that you called me?"

"Palomino, Ma'am," Lank said. "That's a kind of a horse."

"A horse!" she cried, and for the life of me I couldn't see how that little mouth of hers could make so much noise. "Well, of all the ——" And she was gone so fast I never did hear what she was going to say.

Well, we finally located the casting office and met Mr. Gregory who was in charge of it and Mr. Gilbert who was a producer, and from the way they acted I figured they weren't any more set on having Lank than Lank was on being there.

"World Wide Studios don't make horse operas," I heard Gilbert whisper to Gregory. "Why should we test a cowboy?"

"We don't have to use him as a cowboy," Gilbert whispered back. "Hollywood needs some new blood. Besides, don't forget who discovered him. The great Phineas himself."

I could see Phineas Johnson was important, but I didn't know then just how important he was. It was afterwards I

THE CAST:

Crystal Wayne....Mary Beth Hughes
Lank Garrett....George Montgomery
Phineas Johnson.....Alan Mowbray
Sheriff .....Fuzzy Knight





George Montgomery is latest threat to Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and other Hollywood glamor lads. He's tall, rugged, handsome—and in his first big rôle he proves he's also an actor. At left, Alan Mowbray as the producer advises his star.

found out he was the president of the bank that had control of the studios, and for all the others blustered and complained, they had to do what he wanted.

Another man they called the talent coach came in then and started looking Lank over too. Lank didn't care for it and I can't say I blamed him much, for the three of them acted like the judges at the cattle show back home. I was expecting them to force open Lank's mouth and look at his teeth any minute.

"He looks all right," the coach said then. "If he can talk. We'll have to hear him read."

"He can talk," I told them. "Say something, Lank."

And Lank was real obliging. "Hello," he said.

That sort of set them back a bit, but not for long. They began talking Lank over as if he wasn't there at all, saying how his hair would photograph well and that he ought to be able to wear clothes with a figure like that. As if Lank would have listened to not wearing any!

"Do you have evening clothes, pal?" Gregory asked, and when Lank stared at him not knowing what he meant he went on: "You know, clothes you wear at night."

"Gosh, I'm afraid not," Lank said, looking pretty embarrassed. "I always sleep 'raw.'"

That was too much for me. After all, I had Lank's interests to heart. "You ain't goin' to test him like that, are you?" I demanded.

"It might be our best bet," Gilbert laughed. Then he said he'd see about getting some things for Lank to wear in the test and told us to meet him in the wardrobe department after lunch.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a cyclone when he told us we could have lunch right there at the studio, so Lank and I went to the place he told us about. It was crowded when we got there and gosh darn, if there wasn't the palomino girl sittin' at a table all by herself while all the others were crowded, so we moseyed over to her.

"Mind if we sit here, Ma'am?" Lank asked, and though he was as nice as could be about it, she looked mad.

"Don't call me Ma'am!" she said. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Well," Lank said, looking mighty uncomfortable, "I guess you're a movie star."

"You guess!" The girl looked as if she was going to hit him. *"I am Crystal Wayne!"*

As soon as she said it I knew who she was. I'd never seen any of her pictures. The only ones Lank and I see are the Westerns because they strike us so doggoned funny. But I'd heard she was one of the biggest Hollywood stars and I thought I'd better stop Lank from making her any madder. It might interfere with his career.

"Well, Lank," I said, hoping he'd take the hint and make up to her a bit. "You and the little palomino don't seem to be hittin' it off so good."

You can't never tell about girls. She acted as if I hadn't been trying to fix things for her at all. "This is too much!" she yelled, getting up so fast she almost knocked over her glass of water. "Get out of my way, you cowhand!" And she sailed past us out of the room and from the way the other people laughed after she was gone, I figured they didn't like her very much.

And afterwards I found out I was right about that, for it seemed she was the general headache at the studio. She was always fighting with the director and the publicity department and her leading man and complaining about the clothes they wanted her to wear and tearing them in pieces after people had been sittin' up nights making them for her. There wasn't anything anyone could do about it either, for it seemed her pictures were the only ones making money for the studio and they had to take whatever she wanted to give them, good or bad. Only it was all bad.

But things wasn't all bad about the studio. One part of it was like home. When Lank asked where we could put up our horses Gregory suggested there might be a place on the back lot and had one of the studio policemen take us out there. There was all sorts of things on that back lot, darned if there wasn't even some kind of a lake with a wharf on it and a boat tied up to it that the policeman told us was a part of New York Harbor, and there was a bit of Chinatown right out of San Francisco and all sorts of other places he told us they used for sets in pictures. But the one Lank and me liked best was a real old ranch house made out of adobe and timbers and to make it seem even more like home there was cactus growing around it, and behind it was the neatest corral I ever laid eyes on. And say, did those horses act like they had come home when we put them in it.

We felt like we had come home too when we went inside the ranch house and saw that it was all fixed up as if it had been waiting for us, and when we asked the policeman if anyone lived there and he said no, we decided to stay there, what with it being so homelike and all and yet being right in the middle of things too, with a part of New York Harbor right in our backyard and Chinatown just a few steps away.

But Lank was sort of quiet, and when he took out his guitar and started singing I was nervous. Then I knew I was right and he was thinking of the girl. "Wonder why that Crystal Wayne's mad at me," he said. "She's kind of pretty and there's something sort of special about her. Maybe it was my fault. I sure wish I could make it up with her."

"Well, you know where she lives," I told him, remembering the house we'd seen her coming out of that morning. At first Lank acted kind of shy about going there but after a while he decided to go and so I thought it was just as well if I went along with him and kept my eyes on the situation.

Pretty soon a car drove up in front of the building and then after a while Crystal came out followed by a girl who turned out to be her maid. And when Lank went over to her and smiled in that way he has and said he was sorry she didn't look so mad when she turned around. "Maybe you can



Mischa Auer appears to be quite overcome with the heat or something while dancing with "The Flame of New Orleans." The place was Ciro's and the cause a worthy one—Charity.

explain why you found it necessary to call me a horse," she said then. "A—a—whatever it was you called it."

"A palomino," Lank said it for her. "But gee, Ma'am, Miss Wayne, that was meant for a compliment. Horses to me are beautiful and a palomino's just about the most beautiful horse there is, so when I see a girl as beautiful as you, all blonde and everything, why palomino just seems like the only name for you."

"Well," she said, and then she smiled and it was just like the sun coming up over the desert. "That sounds kind of pretty." And when Lank grinned and asked if she wasn't mad at him any more, she smiled some more. "Of course not. I never was, really, you beautiful dope!"

"Dope?" Lank asked in a stunned kind of way, and then she laughed.

"Yes, dope! All men to me are beautiful, you see, but the most beautiful of all are the dopes. So when I see you I just naturally think, dope!" And if she wasn't smiling so sweetly, I'd have been sure she was joshing him. But I knew she couldn't have been when she drove us home to the back lot in her car.

Things were different after that. Lank and Crystal went riding together and sometimes at night she used to come to our ranch house on the back lot and Lank would get out his guitar and sing. It worried me for I could see Lank was getting in deep and I felt no good could come out of his loving Crystal. Of course, I could see how easy it would be to feel that way about her for she was as gentle as a broken colt these days.

The studio didn't know what to make of it at first. Here she was with smiles for everybody and never complaining about anything any more. But it took them a long time to get hep to what made the difference. I could've told them right along but nobody asked me.

Me and Lank had been hanging around the studio for a couple of weeks now and nothing had happened about a contract. Of course, they took tests of Lank every day but they all just sort of groaned when they looked at Lank emoting, as they called it, and told him to come the next day for another one. I guess they'd've let him go if it wasn't for this Phineas Johnson who kept telling them they had a good thing in Lank.

It was making me kind of nervous thinking how maybe me and Lank would be going away without any of that nice Hollywood money for the ranch. So one day I went to see Gilbert to ask how about it. His office was right next door to Gregory's and as I sat waiting I suddenly heard them talking in there.

"I've just put two and two together," Gilbert was saying. "Listen: valuable blonde star, temperamental, hard to handle, has tantrums, holds up production, costs studio plenty. Blonde star meets big, handsome cowboy, cowboy makes her happy, she behaves on sets, production speeds up, saves studio thousands of dollars, everybody's happy. Now, wouldn't you say the cowboy was worth something to the studio, say a contract of one hundred or so a week?"

I did some quick arithmetic and saw that a hundred a week for a few months could buy plenty of stock for the ranch. But I couldn't ever tell Lank what I'd heard. He'd pack up and go home and there wouldn't be any arguments to stop him. So I knew that for once in my life I'd just have to keep a secret from Lank and make him think it was all regular and over the board.

Then just when I was figuring some way to get out without anyone knowing I'd been listening, I heard Phineas Johnson come into the office next door and start raising ructions about Lank's last test and saying he'd been mistaken about Lank's being movie material and that he was letting him go. And say, you'd have laughed to hear Gilbert and Gregory jumping in, both speaking at once and insisting they keep Lank on because they were sure he had something, though they'd been all for letting him go before.

"I don't know about that," Johnson said. "I ran off all his tests for the studio stenographers to get their reaction and what do you think they said? 'He's cute.' All this trouble we've gone to and all they say is, he's cute!"

"Well, that's not so bad," Gilbert said. "If we can get fifty million American women to say the same thing, we've got a new star."

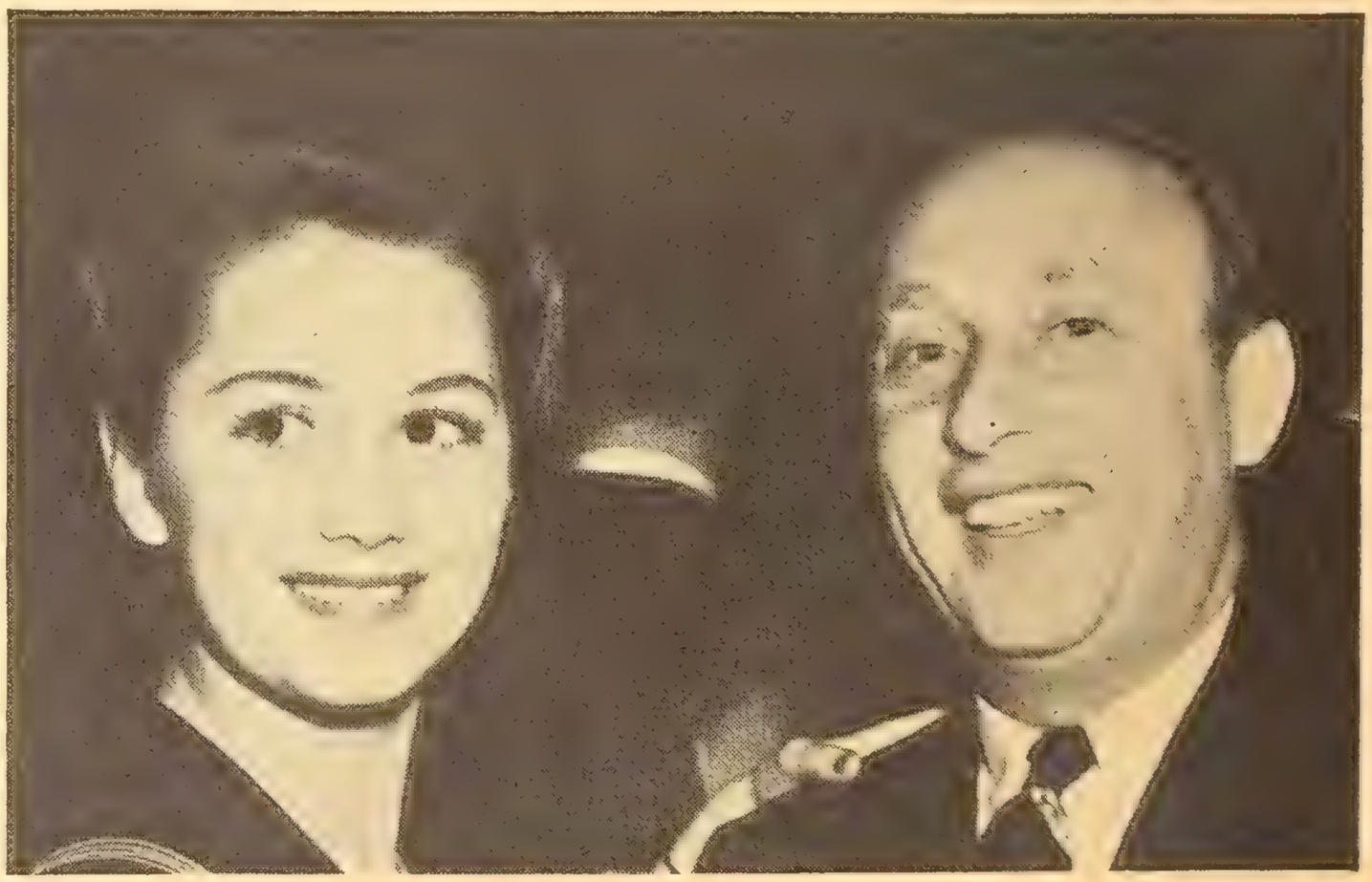
That must have made sense to Johnson, for he took hold as if it had been his idea from the beginning. "I've got it, gentlemen!" he says. "It's those tests, those contract players they've been testing him with. Garrett might do better with somebody to stir him up. I've got it, gentlemen, what about Crystal Wayne? If anyone can get something out of that cowboy, *she* can. I'll ask her this afternoon. She'll do it for *me*."

He went out then and I was going to make my own getaway when I heard something else the others were saying. I wish I hadn't, for it was about Crystal being Johnson's girl. And I knew that was something else I couldn't tell Lank if I didn't want our friendship smashed up and I sure didn't want that. I kept thinking of it that night when Crystal came over to the ranch house after dinner. At night with the moonlight shining down and the sky thick with stars, it wasn't any different from New Mexico. Lank had his guitar and I was playing my harmonica and then Lank began singing a song we used to sing back home, all about a cowboy who loved a girl until he found she had another sweetheart.

It was then I knew it was true what I'd heard that afternoon about Crystal and Johnson, for she looked as if there was something on her conscience that was bothering her, and when she spoke it was just as if tears had gotten all mixed up with her voice. "Lank," she said very softly. "Do cowboys feel that way about their women, the way that song tells it? Do they *really* never forgive the girl who does 'em wrong?"

"I don't know," Lank said. "I didn't write the song."

"But you sang it so lovely, Lank," she whispered. "As if you meant every word of it." And then suddenly there she was moving closer to Lank and the first thing I knew he had his arm around her and was kissing her, and so I put my harmonica in



Universal's huge staff of entertainers turned out en masse for the charity show at Ciro's. Producer Joe Pasternak, star maker, dances with pretty starlet Dorothy Darrell, above.

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my pocket and tiptoed away.

It was the next morning Lank was going to make his new test with Crystal. Johnson introduced them just as if they hadn't met at all and Lank looked puzzled when Crystal acted as if she hadn't ever seen him before. But he didn't have a chance to say anything, for the director started them out on the scene they were going to do. Lank looked more like himself now, wearing his own cowboy clothes, and I guess he felt more at home too since they were taking it out on our ranch, the one on the back lot I mean. But they'd just started the scene when a couple of airplanes flew over the lot and the engines made so much noise the director motioned to them to stop.

"If it isn't bad actors, it's noisy planes," he said, but nobody paid any attention to him. For Crystal and Lank were standing there talking to each other and everybody else was looking up at the planes. Then when they were gone they started the scene all over again and the camera man gave his assistant a bawling out, for it seemed he'd been letting the camera run all the time.

They were going to run the test the next day and I got to the projection room early, for I wanted to see if Crystal had improved Lank's acting any. Lank had given up seeing his tests but I felt it was part of a manager's job to keep watch on everything. But as early as I got there Gilbert and the director and Johnson were there before me.

If it had been anybody but Lank I could have laughed at the fool way he looked standing there on the screen making love to Crystal. Maybe it was the things he had to say to her, maybe it was because he was just naturally shy, or maybe it was just because he wasn't no actor at all. But even I could see he was gosh darn awful, though I'd have biffed any one else who said it on the jaw.

"It's going to be hard," he was saying up there on the screen, looking at Crystal as if he thought she was going to bite him, "leaving all this, the clean blue of that heaven, the smell of that dust and the sage. I'll miss it all."

"And me?" Crystal asked in that sweet voice of hers. "How about me, Slim? Won't you miss me a little?"

"You," he said, looking more scared than ever and his voice sounding like he was juggling pebbles in his mouth. "You most of all. You are the blue heaven. You are the dust and the sage and the beauty and the wonder of it all. . . ."

Then all of a sudden there was a whirring sound and Crystal and Lank looked up and the film wobbled a little.

"This is the wrong take," the director said. "This is where the plane comes in. How in blazes did this come through?"

But in just a second the picture went on and it wasn't the scene at all, just Lank and Crystal standing there talking, with the camera running and the sound track still on.

"Never mind," Johnson said then. "We'll look at this too. Might as well see them all."

"Just now you acted as if you had never seen me before," Lank said, as the test went on. "What was the reason for that?"

"It seemed the wisest thing to do," Crystal hesitated just a little. "Somebody might wonder about us, I mean."

"Don't you want nobody to know?" Lank asked.

"Not everybody," Crystal said. "Not yet."

Lank sort of gulped then. "Maybe you don't feel about me the way I do about you. I mean enough that you don't care who knows it."

"I do—really—inside," Crystal said softly.

"But you're so beautiful and important and all that," Lank said as if he couldn't get over his good luck. "You must be used to having men at your feet all the time."

"I don't want men at my feet," Crystal whispered. "I want to look up at my man, like this." And she moved closer to him and for a minute I thought she was going to kiss him.

I heard Gilbert gasp at that and the director coughed, but Johnson just sat there thinking it was a part of the test.

"This is great!" he said. "Better than I expected. Crystal certainly gets what we want out of him."

"Maybe I'm wrong," Lank said then. "But it seemed to me you didn't want Mr. Johnson to know that you knew me, that you were afraid—"

"I do believe you're jealous of Mr. Johnson," Crystal said then. "But that's so silly, Lank."

Then suddenly you couldn't hear what they were saying any more, not with Johnson getting up and letting out a roar like a steer that had just been thrown and rushing out of the room.

He'd no sooner gone than I went too. For I couldn't keep quiet any longer. I had to warn Lank. But when I found him he was on his way to Crystal's dressing room.

"I got to find out about something," he said. "I heard some of the girls talking and they said Crystal was Mr. Johnson's girl friend and I was just being kept around and paid that money every week to keep her happy. I got to see Crystal and find out if it's true."

I could see he was still hoping that it wasn't, but when we got to Crystal's dressing room we heard Johnson inside talking to her.

"But you told me to play up to him in the test," Crystal was saying. "What did you expect? Can I help it if I'm such a good actress?"

"Can you help it if you're a double-crossing little cheat, you mean," Johnson shouted. "What could you possibly see in that cowboy?"

"What could I see in him?" Crystal shrieked. "What did *you* see in him? It was you who were so hopped up to have him make good. I was only doing you a favor. 'Do it for me!' you said. 'Do it for old Phinny.'" She started to laugh then. "It's funny, isn't it?"

"I'm not laughing," Johnson said.

"I am!" Crystal sounded as if she was having hysterics, laughing and crying like that at the same time. "You thought we could take that greenhorn cowboy and make a ham actor out of him. Well, let me tell you what *I* made out of him. Let me tell you, my sweet, precious Phinny!"

But he didn't hear that, for Lank backed away from that door as if he'd stepped into a nest of rattlers. I know better than to try to talk to Lank when he looks like that and besides, I wouldn't have tried to argue with him even if I could. Lank had been right about Hollywood in the first place. It wasn't for the kind of man he is, and I should have known it.

I'd been right about Crystal too, but it didn't make me happy knowing that. There are some things a man'd rather not be right about. It didn't take much to see Lank couldn't get her out of his mind after we got back to New Mexico, even if he never as much as mentioned her name. And when he spoke about going back to the Rodeo I knew it was because that ranch house of his reminded him of that other ranch on the back lot and he'd be remembering how Crystal used to come out to see him and how happy he'd been.

So that day I rode into town and saw the headlines on all the papers saying Crystal had disappeared from Hollywood, I didn't even tell Lank about it, hating to bring up anything that would remind him even more than he was being reminded already. But I had to keep a harness on my mouth to keep from doing it. Then the next morning I'll be a coyote's uncle if a car didn't come right up to our porch and Crystal and her maid got out of it.

Crystal didn't say a word at first, just ran to Lank and put her arms around him as if she never wanted to let go of him again, but he looked at her and his eyes were colder than a desert night as he pulled her arms away and stood holding her away from him.

"Is that any way to act with a girl who's just walked out on her whole career to be with the man she loves?" Crystal asked then. "What happened, Lank?"

"You're asking *me* what happened?" Lank said. "That's kind of funny." And he turned on his heels and left her.

I went along with him, for there was some fences that needed mending. But we'd no sooner started than there was Crystal coming over to us and looking as if she'd been crying her eyes out.

"Why won't you listen to me, Lank?" she said.

"I listened to you once," Lank said. "That time you were telling Mr. Johnson what you saw in me. You said I was a greenhorn cowboy."



Brenda Marshall and William Lundigan smile thusly for their rôles in Warner Brothers' "Highway West." There's nothing more satisfactory than to see that "They Lived Happily Ever After" look in the eyes of such attractive people. Olympe Bradna's in the cast, too.

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"Oh," she said, and then she smiled, and with her eyes shining like that I knew she was telling the truth. "The trouble is you didn't listen long enough, Lank. If you had you would have heard me say what I really thought of you, that you were the grandest, realest person I ever knew and that I was in love for the first time in my nasty, ill-tempered life and that if you wanted me I was going with you and Phineas and the whole World Wide Studios could go and jump in the Los Angeles River. I admit that in the beginning I was kidding you because I thought it was fun. But that didn't last long—the kidding, I mean."

She waited for Lank to say something and when he didn't she just sort of gulped a bit before she went on. "I've told you everything now," she said pleadingly. "And I know that there's a lot I ought not to even ask to be forgiven for. But you never know how things will turn out. You never know just meeting someone that some day that someone will be the only thing in the world that matters. If you did, you'd plan things differently. You'd be honest and clean and clear right from the start. You ought to be able to see that, Lank. You would, if you really loved me."

"What do you think I ran away for?" Lank said then.

"And what do you think I came after you for?" Crystal asked. "To—to—to watch you mend fences?" And she took his pliers and threw them away and the way they stood there looking at each other I knew it was about time I should be leaving them alone. But then I saw it wouldn't make any difference if I went, not with all those cars turning into the ranch, not with Johnson getting out of one of them and coming over toward us.

"Well, well," he said. "Nice work, Crystal, finding him for us. Lank, you ran off at the wrong time, just when I had a contract all ready for you. But it'll be all right now. I've brought photographers with me, both newsreels and still men. It'll be the greatest publicity stunt in years. The whole country looking for Crystal Wayne, and they find her in the arms of her lover. You're a cinch, cowboy, for the greatest romantic team on the screen!"

Crystal was staring at him as if she didn't believe her own eyes. "Phinny, what are you raving about?" she demanded.

"It's plain enough," Lank said then. "I get it. Don't let on like you don't understand. I've got to hand it to you two. You work as well together as you do separately."

"Lank, you don't know what you're saying," Crystal said, and she seemed to droop right there before our eyes. "I didn't have anything to do with this. Tell him that, Phinny."

"Do you think he would believe me?" Johnson asked grinning.

Lank turned on him then. "At least you've got good sense. You know when to stop acting. Now, if you'll get out of here I'll be much obliged. Come on, you, *all* of you! Get off this ranch!"

He turned and started toward the house and Crystal ran after him. "Lank," she called. "You've got to listen to me. I didn't do this. You've got to believe me. You've *got* to listen!"

"I don't have to listen and you don't have to talk," Lank said without even turning around. "I want you and this whole outfit out of here in fifteen minutes. Understand?"

For all Lank's so shy at times and so easy and everything, when he talks like that people usually do what he tells them to. And in half an hour that ranch was the lonesomest place in New Mexico. Lank felt it was, too, you could see that the way he wandered around. But this time I wasn't going to hold my tongue. There was something about the way Crystal looked when she got in her car at last that made me know she was telling the truth. But the more I said the more Lank shut up, and even the time I saw that paragraph in the paper saying Crystal was getting out of pictures, he wouldn't say much at first.

We'd been packing up to go back to the Rodeo when I found it, and for a minute after I'd read it to him Lank kept right on.

"You see, you were wrong about that girl," I said after a while.

"Well, it's too late now, even if I was," Lank said.

"We could go to Hollywood," I suggested, and for a minute I thought he was going to take me up on it. But he shook his head.

"And miss the Rodeo at Albuquerque?" he asked. "We're all signed up for that."

"There'll be other Rodeos," I told him. "There's only one Crystal."

"Don't talk like a romantic old squaw!"



As soon as Olympe Bradna completes "Highway West" she will wed Douglas Wilhoit, above. May your smiles always be radiant!

he said then. "She probably even wouldn't see me. I'll stick to Rodeos. I can handle them. Blondes are too much for me."

But even the Rodeo couldn't take his mind off Crystal. I saw that the day we were opening, for nothing made any difference to Lank, the big posters all over town with his name in letters a foot high and the kids following him around and the Rodeo girls clustering around him, or anything. Even when the crowd cheered as he came riding in on Ethyl it was just like he didn't hear them at all and he didn't even smile or throw his sombrero in the air the way he always used to.

He didn't even look at me sitting in the grandstand the way he always did, and I was feeling as low as he was when I heard someone call my name and when I turned around there was Crystal getting into the seat next to me.

"I was on my way to New York," she said. "And I got off the plane at Albuquerque just to walk a little and then I saw Lank's poster and I couldn't go on. I had to see him again, Skeeter, even if he does hate me."

But hate was the wrong word, even if poets do say it's the next thing to love. For just then Lank looked up and saw her and if you could have seen his eyes and the way he smiled! But it was too much for him, seeing her suddenly like that. And the next think you know, Lank had fallen off his horse. Lank, the champion rider of the world, the man no bronco had ever thrown!

Crystal caught her breath in that quick sob and then she was running right out of the grandstand and over to Lank. And this time he didn't even try to get away when she knelt down beside him and put her arms around him.

"Oh, Lank, you stubborn dope," she said.

Lank grinned. "That's what you called me that first day," he said.

"Am I still a palomino?" she asked then, and when he grinned again it didn't make any difference that flashlights were popping and photographers were running over to take their picture. For you'd have thought they were alone, with not even me there, the way they kissed each other. That's how it come about Lank's photograph was on the cover of that picture magazine again, only this time Crystal was there right along with him, although you wouldn't have recognized either one of them with their faces just melting into each other's like that. It made me wonder how I'd ever thought Lank was bashful.



Robert Taylor, visiting the "Lady Be Good" set, Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton, produced these scrumptious smiles when Red Skelton told a joke. It isn't every comedian who can laugh at his own jokes. If the cast is any indication, "Lady Be Good" will be great.

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Dear Miss MacDonald:

From childhood I have had one goal —one ambition—in my life and that is a theatrical career.

When I graduated from high school, I begged my parents to send me to dramatic school. Believing me "stage struck," they would not listen to my pleas.

I am a senior in college, twenty-one, and have participated extensively in college plays. My dramatic teachers say I am talented and that I should continue my theatrical training.

I am prepared to teach school which I shall thoroughly despise. If I should go to dramatic school and try to advance toward a theatrical career, it would take possibly ten years before I would ever receive recognition. Ten years of hard work would mean nothing if I knew that I would be successful. Unfortunately I have no assurance of a successful career.

Do you think that I should take a chance on a theatrical career or should I teach or marry, casting my life's ambition aside as a foolish dream? If I do the latter, I'm afraid I can never be contented because I shall always feel, within me, that my life has been wasted. Miss MacDonald, what shall I do?

Sincerely,
Margaret Gibson
(Jane Gibson)

P.S. I put Jane in parenthesis because I am called Jane and never Margaret.

First Winner of the 6-Star Contest!

Continued from page 28

what have you to offer the theater or the screen? What makes you feel down deep within you that you are capable of making a niche in the field where ninety percent of aspirants fail each year? What is it inside of you which urges you to follow this ambition? Is it a deep, burning sureness that makes you *know* that regardless of everything, and everyone, and every sacrifice and disappointment, you still want to act?

If it is that kind of ambition, I feel you won't need me or anyone else to advise you. For if that is the kind of ambition you have it will be accompanied by a determination which will sustain and encourage you and drive you upward. You will *find* a way to go to dramatic school. Nothing ever diverts the person who is sure of his or her objective. But do not underestimate that word "sure." It is the dynamo, the motor which forces progress.

I wish you to be honest enough to admit that your indifferent decision that you can teach school, marry, isn't any assurance that you would succeed in either field. You'd hardly be fair to your pupils or your husband if you promise yourself in advance that you would be discontented. You must bring all this confusion and repression out of your mind into the open and analyze it. If teaching is your alternate choice of work, what are your qualifications for teaching? Can you, would you, direct the minds of children into constructive channels? Are you patient, understanding, compassionate? What gives you assurance that you would be a good school teacher, or a good wife, or a good mother?

The world is full of people who have taken the easier road of second choice. I feel sorry for the husbands of girls whose acting ambitions were too frail for them to sacrifice the security offered by the man's proposal, but were yet too strong to be forgotten when they took their marriage vows. Yes indeed, I feel sorry for such husbands. They aren't getting a square deal. Such girls cheat themselves and they cheat their husbands. They carry a torch of frustration throughout their lives. They make no one happy. Not themselves, their husbands, or their children. And what is worse, they're pretty certain to deter their husband from his own deserving success. Few unhappy husbands reach *their* goal in life.

In my experience I have met numerous wives who have confided to me that they had great talent in their youth and "never had the chance to express it." I have visions of what it must be every time this type of woman has a dispute with her husband! I can hear her shrilling, "If I hadn't married you I could have become a great actress," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. I'll guarantee none of these women ever really deprived the stage of anything. They simply did not have the self-discipline and intelligence to clarify their ambition. And today they place the penalty for their lack on others.

No one has ever made a success in any line of endeavor by taking the easiest route. I know that every great pianist, singer, painter, and actress has had to fight through the maze of confusing advice from "best friends" and "good enemies." Their determination has had to be like a clear white light, leading them through all the darknesses of opposition and delay.

That is why I say to you in answering your question, *ask yourself* if you really want to act. Find out if there is that something within you that won't even count the cost—in money or personal sacrifices—or even care too much for success. If that something is there, you won't need my advice, or the advice of anyone else. *You will be an actress!* Nothing can stop you.

You'll go to a good dramatic school for a while, then get a job in some obscure stock company. You'll work toward Broadway—and on the way you may have to work in musty, dusty playhouses for "cakes," but you'll love it. You'll give your family the credit they deserve for insisting upon your college education. You'll find you can use it. There is no job in the world where education can be more advantageous —though, of course, it is true that in the acting profession many have become successful without it. However, if made the most of, a college education will immeasurably hasten your progress. It should give you understanding and adaptability. It should be an important asset in being prepared for your opportunity when it comes along. I do not believe in the adage that "opportunity only knocks once." I know opportunities are always coming along. We think it only knocks once because we only hear it, recognize it, when we're ready for it. We're *ready* for it only once!

To expect assurance that you will be successful in an acting career, is to ask something which no one can give you. Something no one can give in anything. What assurance has anyone of anything? But I promise you this: If you have determination and courage, you have the greatest assurance possible. That is all that Lincoln had, all that Curie and Paderewski and Duse had. All that Columbus and Carnegie and Washington had. It ought to be enough. It's got to be enough—because it is *all* there is! Oh, there are pats on the back as one goes along. That's as close as you come to assurance—and that is as temporary as the pat, because assurance is like tomorrow, ahead of you always.

That is why I say, Jane, that the first step toward considering your ambitious undertaking is just: know yourself thoroughly. Make up your own mind. No person should ever take the responsibility of making a decision for another person. But, unhesitatingly, I am telling you exactly what you must do when I send you into the recesses of your own conscience for your decision. Unless it's a means to an end. You can tolerate what you dislike if it is the means to an end. As a youngster I



Kiss the boy hello! After her final concert of current season Jeanette MacDonald is reunited with fond husband Gene Raymond. Her new film will be "Smilin' Thru."

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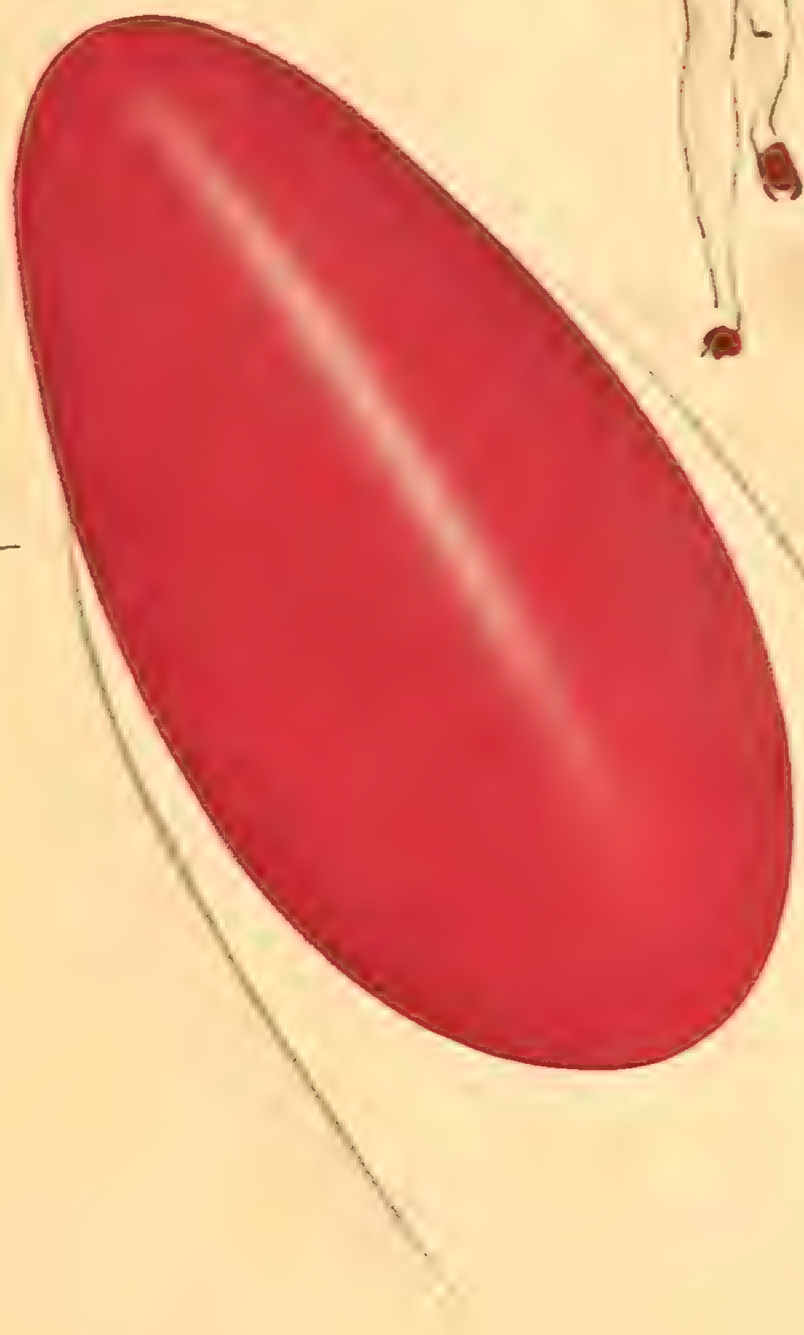
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Tops for Flair and Wear

made my living dancing. I never liked dancing. But I danced, because it was the only means I had of earning the money I needed for my voice study. If teaching school is your only means of financing your dramatic training, then surely you will find that you do not despise it too much.

You ask, "Shall I cast my ambition aside as a foolish dream?" Certainly not. Make a decision, and stick to it. There's happiness in decisive thinking. I had the luck of early deciding. From the time I was a little girl my decision was to become a concert singer. I never considered any work which couldn't help me in that direction. But only in the last three years has that decision become a reality. You, however, are considering an alternative course. If you take your second choice, dramatize it to first place in your desire for success. Give yourself a break, Jane! Don't sentence yourself to discontent.

I am fully aware of the reaction which a great many ambitious young persons will have after reading these opinions of mine. It's perfectly human for those who aspire to stage and screen fame to feel that whenever an actress has an opportunity she deliberately discourages all newcomers. They believe this is because she is afraid of her own throne toppling. They're wrong, of course. Any successful actress knows that *she* didn't heed such discouragements, that if a person has what it takes, then discouragements haven't a beggar's chance of getting any attention.

Cautioning, suggestions are just tests that the aspirant has to pass—sort of "career algebra," I guess! The world's most successful people have received their greatest impetus from what discouraged little people. Of course, it is the bitter test. If you have what it takes to overcome it, why you have what it takes, that's all. You'll make the grade.

But all of the way it's up to you. *Just you.* And the first step is making your own decision. And remember, don't belittle the glory of teaching. Great teachers are so vital to democracy and civilization. An actress' success, no matter how great, can endure only in memory. A teacher can send her fine work into the future, into the hearts of generations to come.

And *don't* belittle marriage! It's woman's greatest happiness—actress or teacher. Make your choice, Jane, but don't ever have second choice in your mind when thinking of marriage. Think over what I've said, Jane, and good luck!



Maris Wrixon has an intriguing name and a most intriguing face to go with it. She'll charm you in Warners' "Santa Fe Trail."

Oscar Levant: Sourpuss to Sweetie-Pie!

Continued from page 26

lywood for a Bing Crosby broadcast. Crosby was about to do "Rhythm on the River." Oscar doesn't know, never having asked, but has a feeling it may have been Bing who catapulted him into his film career. Back in New York, a Mr. Salisbury of Paramount phoned and offered him the part. He said no. Saying no is an impulse with him, frequently indulged in. Then he told his wife. "My old lady talked me into it," he explains. "She's known me a lot of years and she's very good on decisions for me. So I thought, all right, if I'm lousy, I'll blame it on her."

He made his acceptance subject to one condition. "You've got to wire whoever's directing it," he told Mr. Salisbury, "that I can't act, and it's unpredictable if I can even make a gesture to get away with murder." The west coast was delighted with such diffidence. Had Oscar searched for a formula that would cinch the deal, he could have done no better.

He arrived quaking, so overconscious of his own ineptitude for the job that to say he was frantic with fear is putting it moderately. When the time came to speak his first line, he lost his voice. He also arrived with a chip on each shoulder—in the language of psychoanalysis, a defense mechanism. On the strength of his reputation for the acid comeback, the press had built up a similar front. Quivering in anticipation of the knife-thrust, they tried to beat him to it. From such encounters, each side withdrew snarling. "What do I want to be interviewed for?" roared Oscar. "I'm not an actor." And, "You can't photograph me. I've got a sourpuss." With his conclusions at least, the press found itself in fervent accord.

The picture was finished and released. A couple of Oscar's close friends attended it with him and, in the open-hearted way of their circle, told him he stank. "Which dispelled any tendency I might have felt toward a cute reaction. Anyway, I agreed with them. It wasn't my face that shocked me. I'm used to that. But I felt the effort behind the wisecracking was tiresome. As I watched I'd think, I hope I don't make another try, and damned if I didn't. So when we got home, my wife gave me a pep talk. So I went to bed."

The public disagreed with Levant and his cronies, bearing out Oscar's theory that his wife is good on decisions for him. Paramount left him in no doubt of their findings. They invited him back for a second picture. Between the first and second, Oscar acquired a perspective. It was plain that he hadn't been as bad as he might have been. Having passed through the first ordeal, he was by so much better armed for the second. And even though he flopped, the world wouldn't topple to gehenna. His tight nerves eased, and with them his truculence. For suspicion that every man's hand was against him, he substituted an open mind.

"The press doesn't like me," he told the aforementioned publicity man. "I didn't intend to antagonize anyone, but neither did I expect to be put on show as this freak wisecracker. It's not the ultimate achievement to make wisecracks. There's always some other frustrated exhibitionist coming up to provide the next one—he or his press agent. All right, so I've made some cracks over a period of years. If you count them, there aren't so many. What there were came out of functional circumstances, not

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Larry "Baby Dumpling" Simms is in the Navy now—almost. He visited Uncle Sam's sailormen during a "Screen Snapshot" filming.

just sitting around. Last time I was here, they surrounded me and said in effect, be funny. I said the hell with it. I may be a show-off, but I've got to show off my own way. I can't custom-tailor it."

This reasonable analysis provided common ground for understanding. As he observed, Oscar's no freak. Like the rest of us, he prefers friendliness to hostility. The change in his own mood was reflected in those around him. "They're very nice to me now," he says, then lest that smack of preening, he adds quickly, "Nice to the point of indifference." Which, needless to say, isn't true. Among the emotions he stirs, indifference is absent.

Vying with each other to make him feel at home, another columnist welcomed him back with the pious hope that he'd be better in his second picture. "I won't be," said Oscar. "I gave my all to the first." Victor Schertzinger, director of both films, says he'll be incomparably better.

Levant was lucky in Schertzinger on two counts. They share the bond of music. Schertzinger revels in Levant's tartness, and remains unfazed by it. Oscar's a chain coffee-drinker. "Give him his opiate, so we can get to work," Schertzinger would bawl. Or, in a scene between Levant and a girl, "None of that morbid business of looking her up and down."

"Yeah, but how about the drool on my upper lip? That's attractive, isn't it?"

"He's so selfconscious before the camera," Schertzinger says, "that the only way to get spontaneity is to let him play the clown. He complained that he never got a look at the script. He didn't want to look at it. It was more fun composing his own lines and everybody else's. His favorite crack was, 'It's in the script, I don't like it.' So he'd dream up another, which was often a lemon. But when it was good, it was worth waiting for.

"In the first picture, he and I were new to each other. This time I realized what I was up against and let him have his head. He's the kind of guy whose best scenes you've got to extract with a tweezer. I'd let him ramble along for seventy-five hundred feet, most of which might be nonsense, but somewhere you'd get a brilliant flash that repaid all the effort. It was that flash we worked for and that flash alone which we used."

Levant's script suggestion, duds or no, popped at the rate of one a minute. He was at the piano in a scene with Virginia Dale —he the composer of a show, she trying out for a part. She capered as she sang,



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(and night)

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WHEN he dashes away for the 8:15, she never knows whether he'll return at dinner time—or in the wee small hours of the morning.

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Stirling Hayden reads about himself in his—and your—favorite screen magazine. We gather, from the blond adonis' expression, that he is "thrilled beyond words" over the nice things we said of him in our April "Honor Page." We meant 'em, Stirling. Still do.

throwing her body about in an excess of animation. "When she does that," said Oscar, "I could say, 'Watch your ulcer.'" Schertzinger ignored it. "All right," he persisted, unabashed, "how about 'get thee to a rookery.'"

The air quickened when Levant appeared on the set. His personality sticks out so, that they had to change his character name from *Dick* to *Oscar Rayburn,* because Mary Martin and Ameche couldn't break themselves of calling him Oscar. A cigarette in one hand, a carton of coffee in the other, he'd prowl nervously, talking his head off most of the time. He and Ameche got off in corners. When they'd finished tearing last Friday's prizefight apart, they'd start on next Friday's.

That the hardboiled studio gang liked him was obvious. Earl, the sound-mixer, was all but paternal. A coffee-toper himself, he and Oscar kept each other supplied. With Hal Walker, the assistant director, Levant maintained a running feud. Walker, a sardonic man, played variations on the theme that Oscar was a ham, not quite bright enough to remember his lines. Oscar howled to high heaven that he was a victim of prejudice, commandeered on the set at nine when he didn't have to work until after lunch. But even he can be sentimental behind his own back. Before cutting and running back east, he autographed a copy of "Smattering of Ignorance": "To Hal Walker. You hate me but I love you. Can't we bridge the gap?"

He relaxed only when he sat down at the Steinway or harpsichord. The harpsichord, incidentally, insured for ten thousand dollars, belongs to José Iturbi, who agreed to rent it on condition that only Levant would play it. As his fingers touch the keys, the company relaxes too. "We get this free," Jerome Cowan sighed. "He never finishes anything, but he's started some gorgeous concertos."

There was one choice half hour when the sound equipment went on the fritz, and the company idled while the engineers worked. Levant, at the piano, said: "All of Donizetti sounds the same to me. Here's how it sounds." It sounded like hell. Mary Martin, infected, began trilling the bell song from "Lakmé," gagging it, missing the high notes, singing off-key, weaving a burlesque ballet round the pianist who joined his tenor or whatever it is to her soprano. "Tibbett!" he'd yell, and throw in a phrase from "Figaro." "Pinza!" and Mary would lean her cheek soulfully to his while they bawled in discord. Before it was over, they had the audience whimpering for respite. Had the cameras been rolling, Paramount could have shown a nice profit. But when a newspaper man asked Oscar to play, he declined. He can't custom-tailor it.

More than anything else, he used to dread posing for stills. "At least I've got something to do when the cameras are on me. All I can do for you is look like a gargoyle." Now he considers Johnny Engstead, the still photographer, a genius. Johnny gave him the hey! routine. "Yell hey! at the top of your lungs. As if you were calling to someone across the street. That'll give you animation."

It worked wonders. He got Mary and Don doing it too. Singly and together, they went heying all over the place, with Oscar embroidering the formula. "Hey! I can't stop it, hey! Want a pretty picture? Hey! Get me a mask of Dracula. Hey!" pulling up his trouser leg, "Like to take my torn cartilage? hey!" with his head on Mary's shoulder, "Wake me up at Philadelphia, hey! I'm hiring out as a Powers model, hey, hey!"

As important as anything that's happened to Levant is Marsha Ann, six months old. There he's really vulnerable, frankly worshipful and glorying in his worship. He's sure life offers no emotion comparable to that of parenthood. He thought he wanted a boy. Through his agonized vigil at the hospital, he didn't care what he got, for his wife was having a tough time. Samuel Grafton, the *Post* columnist, was waiting for his baby at the same time. It was he who brought Oscar the news. "You have a girl."

Out of his daze, Levant spoke. "What's her name?" For that crack, he's got to take Grafton's word. He remembers none of it.

He now produces a theory to demonstrate that the parents of girls have it all over those of boys. "Suppose she's a lousy pianist, who cares? Suppose she sings badly, nobody gives a damn." He has a feeling she doesn't like music, but is vague as to how he arrived at it. She likes him, though, which leaves him in a state of high content. "She doublecrossed me," he'll tell you, to cover the glow in his eyes. "She smiles all the time. Funny for me to have a baby that smiles all the time. Maybe she knows she couldn't have a better father. I can safely say I'll be a papa like the papa in 'Barretts of Wimpole Street'—I won't let her out of my sight."

Levant, the tameless, has been roped and loves it. Levant, the homeless, lives in an apartment now, "which, when I got married, was out. We were going to live in a hotel—I thought. Symbol of freedom—all you have to do is phone downstairs and say, get my bill ready. I even look at people's furniture now and ask where it came from. I turn plates upside down to see who made 'em. I used to sit up till four. Now no one's more delighted than me when I yawn at eleven."

His wife, the baby and her nurse went to Hollywood with him. "I call them the Rockettes," he says, with the grin which breaks his face up into that of a defenseless child and makes you ready to forgive blacker sins than he'll ever commit—(sorry, Oscar, that's how it affects me). Some day he may even live in a house. Mrs. Levant thinks the California schools are wonderful and Marsha will have to go to school some day. "Will you come back for another picture?" Schertzinger asked him.

"Yes. The Rockettes like it here."

In his introduction to "A Smattering of Ignorance," Sam Behrman tells a story which many of you have heard. I repeat it for those who haven't, and because it shows Levant up for the sissy he is.

"He had run into a mutual acquaintance," Behrman writes, "and had walked along with him in pleasant converse. 'I found him agreeable and intelligent,' said Oscar. I was amazed . . . 'I thought you hated him' . . . Oscar made a quick shame-faced defense. 'Well, you know, I hate 'em till they say hello to me.'"

Hello, Mr. Levant!



Republic's "Lady from Louisiana," starring Jacqueline Dalya and Ray Middleton, promises plenty of that thing called "Love."



Ann Sothern and Robert Young will be music makers in "Lady Be Good." Eleanor Powell, of the twinkling toes, appears also.

"I Still Prefer Bing!"

Continued from page 33

headgear, and he still leans toward sports shirts so loud you can hear him coming a block away. He still can't tell one color from another and it is nothing at all unusual to see him breeze jauntily out of his dressing room on his way to the golf course or studio arrayed in green slacks, orange shirt, red tie, purple socks and a blue cap. Haberdashers he patronizes should remember him in their prayers at night for his ties and sports coats are atrocities anyone but Bing and the manufacturers would shrink from in horror.

He still abhors night clubs and when we go to New York his idea of a swell time is golf in the morning, races in the afternoon, and bed at night. He won't sit through a play and I fend for myself as best I can. On our last trip I was left alone so much I wondered why he had asked me to accompany him. Bing is a man of few words but you don't live with a person ten years without acquiring some knowledge of his motives. It wasn't until I remembered that Hattie Carnegie's shop is only a block from our hotel that I figured out *that* was why Bing had asked me along. But it was tough having a closet full of new clothes and then having to wait until I got back to Hollywood to get to wear them.

One of the thorns in our married life I have finally managed to remove. I have now got him to the point where he remembers anniversaries. My patience has been well rewarded for he not only remembers them but remembers them handsomely.

He still gets violent crushes on people and cannot see enough of them—for a few weeks or months. Every time I eventually find something in common with the wife of his current passion Bing has tired of the man and we start all over again. However, he has been a close friend of Lin Howard's now for several years and I am beginning to hope that this one will last, as Lin's wife (Judith Barrett) and I were friends before either of us knew our husbands. When, occasionally, we persuade our consorts to take us to a night spot it doesn't take long

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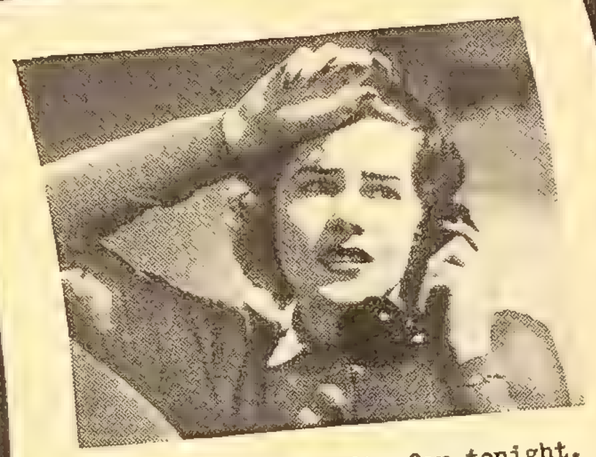
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From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



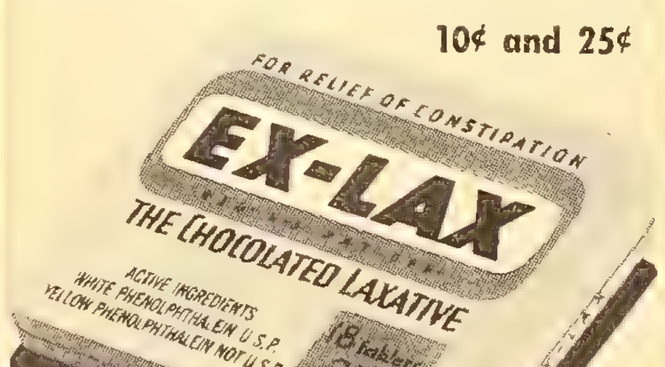
Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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This still depicts a dramatic highlight in M-G-M's "Washington Melodrama," with Virginia Grey, Dan Dailey, Jr. and Ann Rutherford. Funnyman Frank Morgan's in it, too.

for us to realize we might as well have stayed home. Bing and Lin sit on one side of the table and talk about the race-horses they own jointly. Judy and I sit on the other side. If I venture the criticism that all they talk about is horses they say, "Well, all you two discuss is clothes." But, at least, we're talking about *different* dresses whereas their talk is about the *same* horses. Bing's answer to that is, "Well, naturally, you don't keep talking about the same dresses. There's no point to your saying to Judy, 'How's that little Schiaparelli number doing today?' but I want to know if an ailing horse has recovered or if, by some fortunate chance, any of our stable is showing an improvement."

If Bing is bitter about anything it is his publicity. He has been criticized a number of times recently for not appearing at benefits when he is advertised to do so. The explanation is simple. He hates playing benefits and usually says "no" when asked to appear at one. But they go right ahead and advertise him anyhow. I have told you he is strictly a nine o'clock guy and at a benefit you never know what time you're going on. At the last one he played they promised him faithfully he would be through by ten o'clock. He didn't even get on the stage until quarter to two.

Bing works hard except for the two months he has off during the summer. He can't sleep in the morning and is invariably up and dressed by seven o'clock. If he doesn't get to bed early he's a wreck, and I, for one, don't blame him for his attitude. He does more for charity in his own quiet way than almost any two other people in town—but he won't let his good deeds be publicized.

He has also been criticized for not signing a million autograph books every time they're shoved at him and on a couple of occasions people have said, "How do you get that way? It's we fans who pay your salary." Well, I suppose indirectly the fans *do* pay his salary. But customers also pay the salaries of bank presidents, aircraft company presidents, etc., etc. But just because you happen to put your money in a certain bank or ride a certain airline doesn't give you the right to ring the president's doorbell and expect to be asked into his house.

Fans don't go to see Bing's pictures for *his* sake. They go because they enjoy seeing him on the screen and hearing him sing. As soon as they get tired of him, or if he should be unfortunate enough to make a couple of poor pictures, they'll quit going and he'll be through.

No one is going to be foolish enough to pay money just to patronize his films and keep him on the screen if they don't feel they're getting their money's worth. And as long as they *are* getting their money's worth neither Bing nor I can see why he should be expected to entertain continuously. Neither can I see if he goes out and pays his way the same as anyone else in a place why he shouldn't be permitted to enjoy himself in peace like anyone else.

There was another time during the presidential campaigns when he made a radio speech for Willkie and was roasted by almost every paper in the country. One of them said they didn't see what Bing had to squawk about when it was the W. P. A. (founded by the Roosevelt Administration) that had lent him money to build his race track. That got under his skin to such an extent he wrote them a letter—the only time I have ever known him to do such a thing. When he wrote it he said, "I know I'm making a mistake doing this because the press always have the last word, but I just can't let it pass."

In his letter, and it was a classic, he said people argue and try to bring you around to their own way of thinking and that's their privilege. That was all he had tried to do and he felt he had a right to his own opinion. As far as the race track at Del Mar is concerned, the county had wanted a track and told Bing if he would invest $100,000 the W. P. A. would build the track and put up the rest of the money. Very shortly before the track was supposed to open they told him they had run out of funds and unless he lent the W. P. A. another $400,000 they couldn't finish the track. There was nothing to do but lend it to them. That was four and a half years ago and he still has only got about half his money back.

The newspaper's comment was, "We can't feel very sorry for anyone who has $400,000 to lend the government!"

To get back to lighter things. If Bing's critics knew that Bing is the softest touch in Hollywood they might change their tune. He'll give almost anyone any amount. And no one ever hears anything about it, either.

I suppose nearly all parents dote on their children but ours are a fetish with Bing. We seldom have dinner before eight because the minute he gets in at night he's

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NEW YORK

up in the nursery playing with the kids.

They have all had the flu and I've had to keep them in bed. The other night I thought the roof was coming down so I called up and told them to quiet down. Gary said, "We can't. We're beating up on Daddy and it's a man's size job!"

Bing came down a little later laughing to beat the band. He said, "If that's not a bunch of Irishers for you! You say something to one of them and all of them pile on you."

I think one reason he gets up so early in the morning is so he can play with them before he goes to the studio.

There are not many things he's as proud of as of the way they ride. As for himself, his equestrianism is still confined largely to riding a lead pony from the stables to the track when the Binglin horses go for their work-out. Anyone who volunteers to ride out to the track with him and watch his horses work out is his friend for life—or, anyhow, until they lose interest in horses.

He still cultivates as many people outside the industry as possible. Christmas is a nightmare to me every year because he'll hand me a list of names to buy presents for—names of people I don't even know—let alone know their tastes or needs. But he'd have a fit if one of them was overlooked.

He still has the same aversion to gossip and I have had to forego the company of many people I like, simply because they are inclined to "dish" and he won't stand them around.

I still think, when he hasn't his nose in a book or newspaper, he's the best company I have ever encountered. And I still prefer Bing's humor to that of any comedian I know. His wit is dry and his quips are tossed off as lightly as—er—thistledown.

His favorite people are fighters, jockeys and athletes. Recently someone brought Don Budge out to the house for tennis one Sunday. Someone else snapped a picture of Bing and Don. I don't believe there is enough money in Ft. Knox to buy that picture and it's a toss-up whether Bing or Budge got the most kick out of each other.

It has been said that Bing is curt and ungracious. It isn't true. I don't believe anyone who has ever been a guest in our home could truthfully say that Bing hasn't done everything humanly possible to make him feel at home—and welcome.

Away from home, Bing simply follows Shakespeare's advice and is true to himself. No one can be more charming than he when he is interested in someone. On the other hand, if a person hasn't originality or personality Bing won't bother with him. And those are the ones who complain.

He cannot endure people who ask personal questions.

I can only sum Bing up this way: Ten years is a long time to be married to one person, according to Hollywood standards. If I had it to do over again I'd marry him in a minute and even though he hadn't a dime or never amounted to a hill of beans I would still look forward to at least another fifty years with him.



Mary Martin's smile didn't have a chance to go rusty while working with America's No. 1 wit, Oscar Levant, in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." Work became play for Mary, Don Ameche and others.

Yours for Loveliness

In the language of perfume, here is romance! And it really does come bottled.



HEAVEN-SENT is Helena Rubinstein's newest beauty baby. Writing about it, with a little on my wrists, I want to turn to my dictionary for poetic words. Perhaps if I tell you that it seems to be a distillation of the beauty of all poetry and music, you will get the idea. Heaven-Sent promises to be what Madame Rubinstein's Apple Blossoms proved to be, a walloping, huge, colossal success, in Hollywood parlance. There is an eau de toilette that will make you think you're an angel with harp and all, a body powder, a bath oil, a nice, big bath soap, and complexion soap. Truly angelic, all!

TABU, the "forbidden" perfume may now be bought in America. Tabu, formerly, had a Marco Polo aura. It could only be bought in far-flung, strange cities. But that was only one of the strange aspects of this rare perfume. Contrary to general practice, you use it on fabrics or furs, rather than skin; you are warned that you may have to accustom yourself to its tantalizing, compelling scent. It is so very different, because rare aromatics go into that chaste bottle, illustrated. It is surprisingly lasting; it clings like a strange spell. Frankly expensive, and very worth it.

IF YOU literally like to swim in an effervescent, dizzy loveliness, then ally yourself with a bottle of Suzanne's *"tout de suite"* eau de Cologne. It is a sunny, lighthearted version of that crisp, sophisticated perfume, Suzanne's *"tout de suite."* It gives you the lift of sables or a beautifully cut diamond or something precious and rare. It has a saucy, provocative quality like a tiny, beguiling veil, an exotic lipstick or perfectly turned ankles. It is a throb and a lilt and a song, all brewed together to make its wearer quite unforgettable. It is a beau-catcher and holder, if you know what I mean.

WHEN a warm breeze blows over a June flower garden, more than likely you fall under a spell. It is just this romantic delirium of June that has been caught in the Floral Fantasies series of eau de Cologne, by Dorothy Gray. To the well-known lush and exotic South America, and the pungent Pink Old-Fashioned Bouquet, have been added Siren, just about what its name implies, and Sweet Suggestions, like a soft voice in the moonlight. These scents are all inexpensive, considering what you get, and one is just made for you—or maybe all, if you have a real yen for fragrances. You can afford a bottle of each, one for every Junetime mood.

AS AN urge to use your precious perfume and eau de Cologne to fullest advantage, which means a little at strategic points to cover a wide and effective area, I tempt you with a truly beautiful set of DeVilbiss atomizers with opalescent dots on crystal, blue or green bottles. You will adore them for their beauty and good service. As a smaller gift for the June bride or the sweet girls graduating, they are a gem of a thought.

MAYBE now we should give a few thoughts to body sweetness, devoid of any under-arm dampness or embarrassment. Actually, every adult, men, too, if we could persuade them, need some aid, for perspiration is healthy and natural to every body. For those still seeking, let me suggest Arrid. I hear so many verbal bouquets for this gentle, white cream. It eliminates odor and stops perspiration where applied. It is odorless, greaseless, harmless to fabrics, and just to prove this to yourself, you might begin with a ten-cent size, graduating to the larger.

WHILE we're in a sweet mood, do the names Butterscotch and Lollipop appeal to you? The colors will, when you see them in Cutex. Both are new, and my thought is that Butterscotch will do something very smart for dark or tanned hands, while Lollipop will make pale hands even more fragile and beautiful. C. M.

"The Bride Wore White"

Continued from page 61

and little fitted, long-sleeved jacket of white souffle, somewhat like mousseline de soie. The gown was designed as a three-timer; for the wedding and for social use afterwards, a practical and economical idea for the far-thinking bride. Jacketless, the gown would be charming for spring and summer formal evenings. With jacket, it could go to formal dinners during warm weather. Whatever you choose, from regal satin to the smart little going-away wedding costume, deserves love and care in choice. Wear what is best suited to your means and the occasion of your wedding.

But be the most beautiful bride! A strange fact is that most brides are beautiful, regardless of features or coloring. Being a bride just seems to make them so. They rise to the occasion nobly and beautifully. But, alas, how many has-beens have I heard say, "Actually, I was so tired I hardly knew what was happening." That seems too bad. Not to have been vividly alive, alert to every admiring gaze, each note of music, each lasting and important word of your vows, will later remain as a wistful nostalgia. You wish you could recapture your most important moments.

To be practical, there is a way. It consists in not overtiring yourself with trousseau, invitations, reception details and the dozen and one unusual and delightful duties of this occasion. Make Mother and sisters do everything they can for you; they'll love it. Plan as far ahead as possible, do what you can and leave the rest up to the gods, whom we are told are kind to lovers.

If you are having a permanent, do have that several weeks in advance of the wedding. This will permit at least one or two normal resets, so that the wave should be at its very best when you want it most to be. Most hair looks far prettier the second or third day after a shampoo and set, and this is a good thought for the bride. If your hair is arranged especially for your veil or cap, then it is often wise to arrange to have your hairdresser come and arrange it on the wedding day.

Keep your manicure appointment as near the day of the wedding as possible, and use a delicate, not pale, shade of polish.

Get to bed early the night before, even if you just lie and think. Though you will probably be so tired at this point that you'll sleep like our favorite Chessie kitten.

Give yourself plenty of time for dressing for your wedding. Be strong-minded and simply refuse to let anything upset you.

The bride requires very special make-up and this takes time. Allow at least an hour for your face, and if you finish before, so much to the good. Deep emotion has a tendency to blanch the face of color, to make eyes big and bright. No bride wants to look deathly pale nor to glow as if she had just come in from a brisk walk. The tempo now is a soft infusion of radiant light. That sounds like magic, perhaps, but the effect is charmingly attained largely by the use of a foundation over the whole face. For this occasion, it seems to me that the cake or liquids are better, and if blended well over the face, give a foundation of tone as well as a base for a little rouge and powder. If you are blonde and inclined toward paleness, then use such a preparation with a rosy cast; if you are brunette, then use a foundation with a deep, warm glow. After the foundation is carefully applied, use just a faint blush of rouge over the upper curve of the cheeks,

so that only a faint glow is imparted to the skin. I urge you to try a cream rouge for this use, because it can look so natural and because it is so easy to enhance the effect with a light brush of dry rouge later on. Use an eye shadow very delicately, for a softness on the upper lids, or you may prefer a light touch of oil or cream here. Accent brows and lashes, if they need this touch, but keep the effect soft and unartificial. Now powder—powder as you never have before, probably, all over, everywhere, then remove about ninety-five per cent of this powder, and the effect will be ravishingly lovely. We need to put on plenty of powder, but too few of us remember to remove most of it.

Brush your brows free of any clinging powder. Brush your lashes, too, and a little dry mascara brush will serve if you haven't a regular brow and lash brush. This dry brushing of lashes also serves to separate them and give a most natural appearance. Touch a tiny bit of oil or cream again to give your lids a child-like shine.

The bride is called upon to kiss far more than she anticipates, and not the lucky man! He gets his one, and the guests get the rest. So if ever you needed your lips confident of color, this is the time. There is a liquid that is ideal for this because it simply won't kiss off. If you wish to use your regular lipstick, then follow this plan: Have your lips absolutely free of cream, then powder very lightly. I think there is no method like the tiny brush for outlining, but if you are unfamiliar with this way, this is no time for experiment. So do it the way that gets best results for you. Keep the lines soft and pretty but use no exaggerated shaping for this occasion. Now press a cleansing tissue over your mouth to remove the surface rouge. Powder very lightly, go over your lips with the lipstick again, and blot again. You have lips now,



Richard Arlen and Jean Parker zoom to great heights in "Power Dive." Roger Pryor, Helen Mack, Cliff Edwards and others head the cast.

reader, to defy a great deal of kissing. Beau-age readers, please copy, to save suitors' collars and cheeks!

Now as you proceed to slip into your white satin slip and on into your gown and while your veil is adjusted, the warmth of skin will be settling your make-up. If all of us might have this brief respite between applying make-up and appearing in public, perhaps we could present lovelier faces to the world. Frankly, often you won't know your own face twenty minutes after you've applied make-up, unless you are an old, experienced hand at the art. Skin warmth has a surprising way of bringing out the depth of rouge, of making lips far redder and saucier than you intended. An extra veil of powder will soften the too radiant cheeks; a little more blotting with tissue, remove a too-rouged look from lips. If you feel tense, try to talk naturally with those about you while dressing. This is wonderful for relaxing face muscles.

By this time, you should look and feel beautiful. You have met the moment and He is almost yours. You can almost hear the guests whispering, "She looks beautiful." and the knees that a moment ago were knocking against each other suddenly become staunch little supporters. And within you there is a radiant glow, a candle of love forever and ever, amen. The first notes of the organ swells from the cathedral-like silence, the stage is yours now as it never has been and never will be again. And days and years later you will now and then turn fondly to newspaper clippings and invariably come across this line, "The bride wore white . . ."

To the many girls who would like to be brides on principle only, because Mr. Right has not yet appeared on the scene, here is a thought from Loretta Young, a bride of not many months. "You can't look for romance and find it as you might a job. It is a thing that happens, and all the planning in this world, for or against it, wouldn't help in any true sense. It is like the weather; you can't control it. But you can keep yourself alive to it and aware of it. Perhaps a sense of happy anticipation for ultimate realization is the right attitude. When you find it, you will know."

And I might add, *you will know!* You will know as you never knew anything else in this world. And then you will worry about your wedding, hurry and scurry, and maybe be a happy wreck on that glorious day, but better a beautiful and happy wreck than a placid maiden, wondering what this thing called love is all about.

I think it would be fine if all the unmarried world might find partners right now. Nobody would have time to think about war, as every bride knows!

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George Raft and Betty Grable—On Fire!

Continued from page 25

George good and proper. "Gee, she's a swell kid," he finished with, as I hurried off to play Mickey's Best, another of the Grable hunches.

A week or so later I met Betty on the "Miami" set at Twentieth Century-Fox, where she was doing a scene with Don Ameche and Bob Cummings. As quickly as possible she slipped out of a very beautiful white and gold evening gown, which exposed plenty of the Grable midriff, and into a tailored suit. Betty likes sports clothes and tailored things. She apologized for Mr. Zanuck's very expensive evening gown by saying, "It's a little gay, but it's very good for the dance I do in it."

In the restaurant she dallied with the idea of ordering steak, she adores steak—another thing she has in common with Mr. Raft. She asked everybody around what they had ordered for lunch, and then because I told her that a doctor once told me that chop suey wasn't fattening, she ordered chop suey. "I gain when I work," said Betty. "I've got to take off six pounds." And then she topped off the chop suey with a slice of chocolate cake with butter icing. Which all goes to prove that Miss Betty is delightfully inconsistent, and feminine.

"George is certainly the nicest person I ever met," she said. "I met him first back in—well, whatever year it was we had the big earthquake. I remember I was the only one who reported to work that night. I was hoofing my brains out then at the Club New Yorker on Hollywood Boulevard. George and his friend Sammy Finn used to drop by there after the baseball games, and watch me do my number. I was only a kid hoofer and he was an important movie star, and I was greatly impressed. One night as I passed his table he asked if my sister Marjorie and I would like to go to the bicycle races with Sammy and him the next night. I was thrilled, of course. He bought me soda-pop (I never could get enough soda-pop in those days) and hamburgers with onions—and both Marjorie and I pronounced it a perfect evening. But George didn't date us again.

"I went on tour about that time with Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay in their production called 'Tattle Tales,' and after that I was out of town with the Fio Rita and Jay Whidden bands, [and incidentally she married Jackie Coogan, whom she divorced in 1939,] so it was a long time before I saw George again, that is, close enough to speak to. I almost bumped in to him on the Paramount lot a couple of years ago, and was hurrying in the opposite direction when he called a friendly 'Hello, there' to me. I had some kind of a complex when I was at Paramount. If I saw anybody important coming toward me I always ran the other way as quickly as possible. I was so afraid that they wouldn't speak to me. George always spoke, no matter which direction I was running. I used to give myself pep talks in those days, silly, isn't it? I'd say to myself, 'Betty, how can you expect the stars to speak to you when they don't even know you?' I haven't that consolation now," said Betty with a laugh. "When they don't speak now I know they don't like me."

It was only a few months ago that the Grable-Raft romance got off to a good start. Alexis Thompson, disappointed no doubt, had returned East. Norma Shearer



Len Weissman

Betty Grable is crazy over horses—and, oh yes—George Raft too. "George is certainly the nicest person I ever met," Betty told our Liza. And Betty has been wooed by beaus too numerous to mention; she should know. They're pictured at the Santa Anita track.

nd George Raft had called everything off months before. Mary Benny's sister called Betty one night and said, "I saw George Raft last night. He's very nice. He asked me if I thought it would be all right for him to call you. I gave him your phone number. I hope you don't mind."

Betty didn't mind. That date at the bicycle races, with the soda-pop and the hamburgers, was still one of the nicest dates she'd ever had—and since then she'd been dated by royalty and millionaires.

"George called, and we made a date to go to Ciro's on Sunday night," Betty continued. "And then the most provoking thing happened. I caught cold. I thought, well, this will ruin everything. George will think that I invented the cold just to ease out of a date with him, and he'll never call me again. What rotten luck."

But George did call again. The day after he returned from the President's Birthday Ball in Washington. "We made a date for that Sunday night," said Betty happily, "and we've had a date for every Saturday and Sunday night since—and if I'm not working, nights during the week. But when I work I go to bed at nine o'clock, because I'm one of those people who just has to have eight hours sleep."

Betty has always insisted that her boy friends (she prefers them dark and handsome) be good dancers, as dancing is one of the things she most likes to do. In George she has certainly found the perfect dancer. She thinks nothing of doing dance routines all day Saturday at the studio, and then stepping out to Ciro's and the Mocambo that night to dance some more. She and George really make a striking couple on the dance floor—nothing fancy, mind you, just smooth and rhythmical. After seeing them you feel that no one else should be allowed to dance. Unfortunately, but naturally, quite a few columnists commented on George and Betty being such perfect dancers—and Betty has become sensitive. "I don't want people to think we are exhibitionists," she said sadly. "George and I like to dance together, but we certainly don't want to be called show-offs. Ever since all that publicity appeared George and I have become terribly self-conscious. Now we don't even get up to dance until there are ten couples on the floor."

Nights they *don't* dance Betty and George go to the baseball games (both of them being slightly cracked on the subject of baseball) the fights, the tennis matches or skating matches, the movies, and if the bicycle races ever come to town again they'll take up where they left off nearly ten years ago. Good all-American fun, that's what they like, and they get a great kick out of liking it together.

Though she is one of those very rare smokers, Betty could hardly wait to pull her cigarette case out of her bag the day I lunched with her. A gorgeous thing, all gold and jewels. And a compact to match. "From George," said Betty, "it's the first cigarette case I've ever had. I can't help but flash it at people occasionally."

But it wasn't a cigarette case she was flashing at George the next time I saw them together. It was a smile. And I'm sure no young man ever got a better smile out of Grable. A smile of complete adoration. And George, usually quiet and expressionless in public places, was simply going around in circles, and grinning like a young man in the throes of love. George, the unruffled. I could hear him whispering to her, —"Seven couples, eight couples, nine couples, *now* can we dance!"

George took Betty to the Diamond Horseshoe Ball which finished off the Santa Anita racing season. He must have gotten diamonds on his mind, for several days later he gave Betty a diamond bracelet. Yep, that's love.

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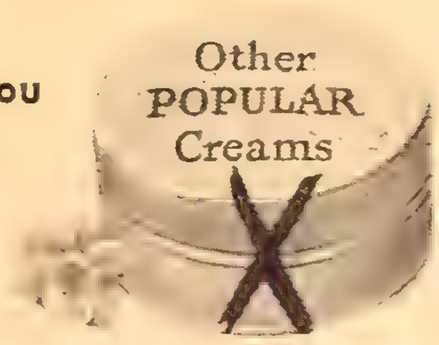
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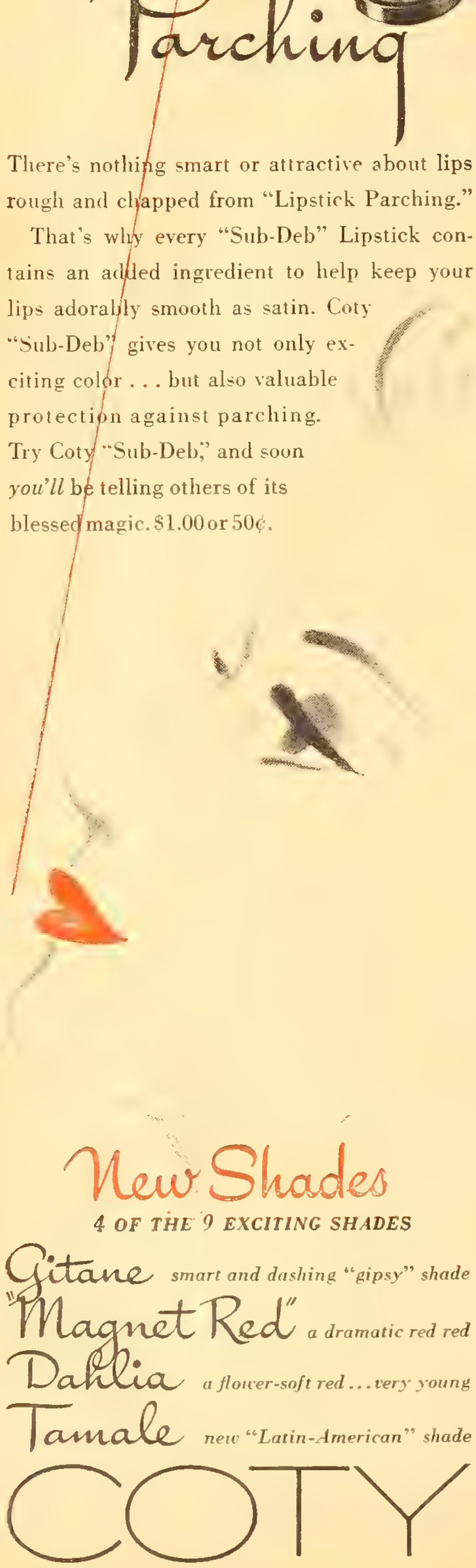
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COTY



We still insist Marlene Dietrich would be a flame anywhere, even with mud up to here. Don't think Rene Clair's ungallant; it's for art's sake, directing "Flame of New Orleans."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

sugar, 4 egg whites and flavoring. Boil sugar and water for twenty minutes and cool. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, so that the mixture stands up in a point when you take the eggbeater out. Add this, with flavoring, to the sugar and water mixture, stir and freeze. You must stir and fold over and over as freezing begins. At first the stuff will separate and the egg whites will insist on floating on top, but keep on stirring and you'll come out all right. If you have berries on hand, you can crush a cupful and add to the water ice; or you can use lemon juice, pineapple juice, or small pieces of pineapple.

"I know that this isn't supposed to be the season for fruit cake, but so far as I'm concerned *every* season is right for my favorite of all desserts—dark fruit cake. You can depend on tasting this at my table whenever I'm lucky enough to have any in the house!"

DARK FRUIT CAKE

1 lb. Swansdown cake flour
1 lb. butter
1 lb. dark brown sugar
12 eggs
1 lb. crystal cherries
1 lb. crystal pineapple
2 lbs. seeded raisins
2 lbs. currants
1 lb. citron
1 lb. mixed nut meats
1 pint black molasses (Brer Rabbit)
1 heaping teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon mace (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon cloves (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon allspice (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's)

Cream butter with half of the sugar, then add alternately a small portion of the remaining sugar and one egg at a time, beating well, until all sugar and eggs are used. Add molasses, add ½ flour sifted with spices. Mix well. Add fruit which has been mixed with remaining flour. Also nuts. Have fire very low. Bake two and a half hours. When you can run a knife through the cake and it comes out clean, the cake is done.

Gene believes her apartment is called Swedish *moderne*. "But it's probably really just California-Beverly-Hills," she smiled.

It is decorated in Provincial style, with dubonnet-colored rugs in living and dining rooms. The living room couch is striped and most of the chairs are softly figured.

"I adore the real fireplace," exclaimed Gene. "I must be a push-over for fires! Of course we couldn't have one in it this weather. The clock on the mantel is terribly old—I saw the date 1811 on it somewhere. It won't go, but it's so decorative with its carved cherub and horns of plenty that nothing would induce me to part with it."

Her special pride are two waxen figures set in small shadow boxes and fastened to the wall above a lamp made of a peasant-vegetable-seller. The figures are an old man and an old woman, each against a background of hill and valley. The old woman has real yarn in her basket and holds some of the strands in her fingers. "She has on a real petticoat, too," said Gene, eagerly. "She charms me for hours!"

When Gene took the apartment, the dining room walls were pale yellow with some sort of silver doo-dabs on the yellow. She hated them. "The decorator suggested that we have cream cocoa walls with white woodwork and paneling. I thought it would be horrible and said so, but he was so enamoured of the idea that I let him try it with the promise that he'd change it if I didn't like it. When he finished and had hung the picture of a young heron on its delicate green mat on the wall, I gave in."

There is a handsome silver soup tureen on the buffet—Sheffield silver of early 1800, and the corner closet holds some delicate old Italian dishes with pictures of lovely ladies in their centers.

Gene's own bedroom is in green, with old French prints framed on the pastel walls, and a small French dresser with a mirror that closes down to make a desk.

"But you must see my club house!" cried the *Ellie May* of "Tobacco Road," looking in her fresh linen, like no relation to that slovenly young character. "It was a pretty-pretty room in blue and pink when we came. I loathed it!"

It's no longer pretty-pretty. The paper is knotty pine, the drapes of gay plaided linen, with a couch to match. The bar is

a shining half-circle with a row of red-topped stools before it and tall lamps on either side. A strip of linen printed with sketches of horses and riders has been framed and set into one wall, and there are tables for cards and games. "The club house is fun at night," conceded Gene, "but to me, the patio is the heart of the home.

"If you don't care for spareribs, you can serve your favorite meat marinated in a tasty sauce before barbecuing. Steak, chops, chicken, weiners, whole small fish or larger filets of fish are grand this way."

BARBECUE MARINADE

¼ cup Crisco
1 teaspoon Gulden's mustard
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ can red chili sauce
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon Heinz vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2½ cups water
2 tablespoons tomato ketchup
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 garlic clove

Melt Crisco in saucepan, blend in combined dry ingredients. Gradually add liquids, then onion and garlic, stirring constantly. Cook slowly until slightly thickened, about 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove garlic.

"With the meat try French rolls or hard French bread, toasted over the embers and spread with butter that has been creamed with dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce and onion juice.

"Of all vegetables, corn—when it comes in season—is best with a barbecue. You take your corn in its husk and dip the whole thing in water. The water turns to steam inside and cooks the corn, making it juicy. Roast the corn in its husk on your grate for twenty or thirty minutes. For well-browned corn, remove most of the husk and let the rest burn off when the corn is well steamed.

"Something that goes well with this is pineapple. You get Dole's long pineapple spears, dip them in the barbecue sauce, and panbroil them in a frying pan.

"If you serve potatoes, they are at their best if roasted in a deep bed of ashes. A fire can be made on top of them after they are buried, if you have but one fireplace. Bury at least one where it can be easily found, so you can try it with a fork occasionally. Allow from forty-five to sixty minutes for these."



The First Lady of the Land, and Judy Garland inspect a miniature air raid shelter. Judy flew to New York to do her bit for the Greek war cause.



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TEETHING LOTION
Buy it from your druggist today

Carmen Miranda Turns on Love! Hot and Cold!

Continued from page 55

and money is so cold they never warm up to each other in their whole lifetimes. Before marriage it is the same thing, but some people they don't find it out quick. Me, I know. If a man he is cold, right away I get the chilblain in the heart and *s-s-h-h-i-v-e-r!*"

It likewise made me shiver to imagine that the hot-blooded Miranda might have found North American men colder than South American cavaliers, perhaps with icicles cramping their romantic style. She let this frosty idea thaw out in her mind before replying: "Not really that is so North American men are not cold—that's something in a story book. Many Brazilian girls marry North Americans. They like their directness, and if those men are handsome in their country they are just as handsome in ours. And the North American man, I think, has inside him the same romance, the same poetry of love, as the South American, if he can get it out. Only, he is veree shy about it. He is afraid somebody make fun of him. But love is no joke. Sometimes it is worse than serious. Not long ago in Brazil a poor girl who fell in love with a Hollywood actor just from seeing his picture in the paper tried to kill herself. So you see what the North American man he can do to the South American girl even when he don't make love to her. Anyhow, he is more quiet. When the young man in South America he is in love he talk much about it. Because he speak out his feelings, he may *seem* more poetic than the North American, but this is not so. In both places people in love are the same inside, I think. Love is everywhere, and so it has nothing to do with the borders put about countries. If you draw a map you don't make it one place a red circle to mark it a love country, then in another place make a blue circle and write in it, 'No Love Here.' Perhaps the man's romantic ways with a woman are diff'rant in diff'rant countries, but if he's in love he finds the way to let the girl know what's the matter with him. Of course, there *is* the Latin temperament —*mmmph!*—but all the same this does not mean that North American men are cold, oh no!"

She beamed reassuringly. "I tell you something besides. Here in this country you are lucky in love, as the sayings go. In my country young people are not allowed to be alone. There is nothing like what you call 'necking.' If a young girl goes out with a young man, her mother or her sister or her brother go along, too, and this is not what you call so hot. There is more yet. In Brazil there is no divorce. If people they get married they know it is for life. So lovers think twice about it, and their families they think the same way, maybe three, four, five times. That's why they go out so much with the couple, like safety first. Even if the lovers get engaged it is the same. But sometimes the young man he hold the young lady's hand or steal a goodnight kiss. Flowers is the best way to pay attention to a young lady in South America, like when you say, 'Silence make the heart grow fonder.'"

That view of the situation left me a bit puzzled, as I'd always heard that music was a great help to love in Miranda's part of the world.

"Music, yes, it help love, mostly in the night time," was her considered opinion. "The man and the woman they like the emotion it stir when the moon it shine and the leetle birds sleep in the tree. The serenade, oh yes, I have it. And I like it? W-well, sometime when I'm not sleepy."

That, of course, was the sensible way to look at it. After all, the fascinating Miranda, like any other girl, needed her shut-eye, and might well be justified in throwing her shoe, instead of a flower, at a bronchial tenor who plunked his light guitar while she was pounding her ear.

"Most with me," she explained, "music is gay. And if the people they like it then they love you. I sing with my whole body, not my voice alone—no, no, no. If here I sing just with my voice, they don't know what it is about. So I tell them when I make my eyes a leetle naughty—but nice, you know—and say something, perhaps, with my body. People tell me I dance, but I don't know. Never have I learned dancing. It is right I tell you we are a quiet family, and



Len Weissman

"Smile and the world smiles with you," and believe us it's nice to see the twinkle back in Wayne Morris' eye. Wayne, fully recuperated from his marital mishap, dated pretty Pat Stewart for a night of dining and dancing at the Grove. His latest, "I Wanted Wings."

I am like that. We like to enjoy home."

Right or wrong, it was a surprising bit of news concerning herself, but unaware of this, she went on. "But perhaps it is not right for me to talk so much about love. It's nobody's business when somebody is in love. And maybe somebody else don't know what to make of it. It's not like two and two make four, but that two make *one*. You see, love isn't sensible, you can't figger it out. And you can't put it on ice to keep it fresh, or fix it like an automobile tire if it blows out. You have to be in love to talk about it from the inside. Me, I'm not in love now. But one time I am, and I get so jealous when the man he look at another woman that I want to shoot him. Then I am afraid I keel the man, so I break our engagement. What you think of that?" I could only think, without saying so, that the man had got a break. "Maybe the Latin man, too, when he is in love, is more jealous than the North American man. I think so, perhaps. Anyhow, he talk about it all the time. If the North American man he don't speak about it always he know just as much about love. Never have I seen any man in love who can't say what he wanted to say, except he is stupid. And if a girl she loves a man she loves him no matter what he say, just so it makes a leetle sense!"

As to the relative sincerity of men and women who are that way, Miranda hesitated to say: "Women in love are more sincere—perhaps. This is so because a woman she always know when it's the real thing. Maybe the man he is never sure. Either he's swept off his feet, or he can't make up his mind. But the woman you can't fool her. She knows. She has to. But men are not more deceitful, if you mean what you call the two-time. If it is real love, then both the man and the woman



Flowers do in gardens grow and mighty pretty, we all know—but—who can keep their mind on pansies when Mildred Sellers is around. See "They Dare Not Love."

they can't tell something untrue because it isn't in the heart. All the same you have to understand that love means so many things, changes and sacrifices, and if people they know this they don't want to be dishonest with each other. The man and the woman wants to be noble and good together. Their influence on each other is what you call feefty-feefty. Sometimes a woman make a man deceitful if she is a fool. But the smart woman knows how to hold her man—unless he is a fool, and then he is not worth keeping. If he is just a leetle foolish, oh well maybe she kick him under the table when he flirts with a girl in a café! Of course, if they're married, it's a sure thing. But if they're not married maybe she flirts a leetle, too. These are secrets of women. I don't have to tell them—they know already. Even the Eskimo and the Chinese know, I think, just because they are women. I wouldn't insult your North American women by pretending to geeve them a tip on how to handle men. They are so smart, so chic, how can I tell them? Maybe they can tell *me!* Anyhow, I learn something from them. They are perfect—their manner, their poise, their beauty, their intelligence—wonderful! And, you know, a clever woman, an intelligent woman, can *make* a man fall in love with her. A stupid woman, N-O-O-O. How to do it—well, this depends on the man. An intelligent woman would know just what to do with him. A foolish one couldn't be taught. That's her hard luck. Because everybody know that love is the greatest thing in the world. Even the popular songs say so. But the happiness love brings can be found only by intelligent and considerate people. Fools don't even know what to look for, so how can they find it?"

Stuck for an answer, I offered a cigarette. "Thank you veree much, but I don't smoke," I was surprised to hear. "And," even more surprising, "I don't drink. You know why? You kees a man and you smoke and it spoils the flavor. And if I drink it make me sleepy and I miss all the fun!"

At that (it may have been the magic of Miranda working its spell), Cupid packed up his arrows and called it a day.

Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

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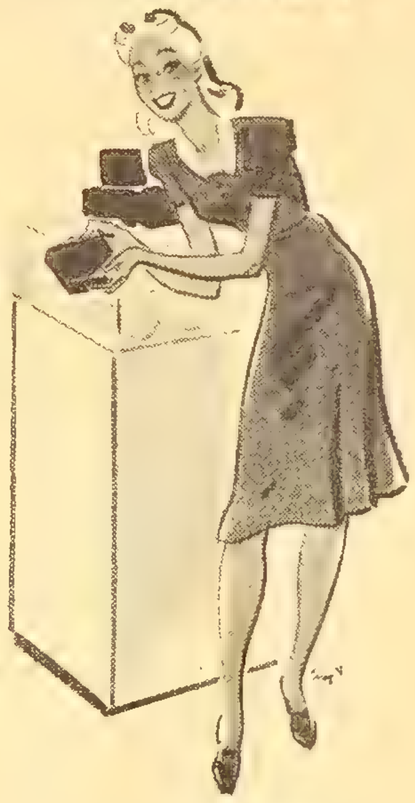
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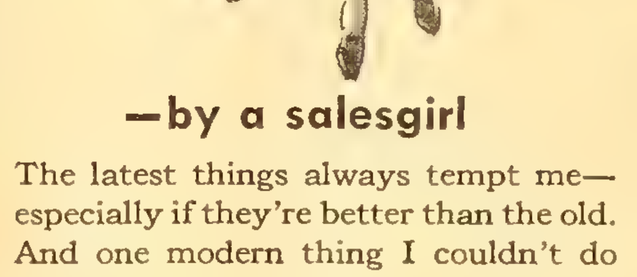
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—by a salesgirl

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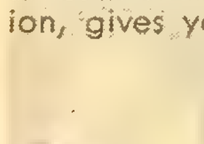


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Brian Donlevy is Robert Taylor's pal in M-G-M's "Billy the Kid," but we detect a little of the eternal triangle here. Not fully developed as yet, but if Mary Howard continues to look "that way" at Brian, there's bound to be more than six-shooters poppin'.

Shall I Marry an Actress?

Continued from page 34

owned large paper mills, but when Father Ford discovered that his son wanted to be an actor, he decided there would be broader opportunities in California. Thereupon they moved to Santa Monica, where Glenn attended school. Then he discovered the little theaters, and these became his world. The instant school classes were over, he would dash to the theater where he spent every evening—acting, designing scenery, urged on by a driving ambition to know everything about this profession. During this time he appeared in more than a hundred and fifty standard plays which gave him a dramatic foundation few film players have had.

"Oh yes," said Glenn, "studio talent scouts frequently viewed these productions and praised my work. I even had tests, several of them, but the verdict was always that I wasn't good looking enough, my chin was all wrong, so was my nose. They would always 'pretty' me with corrective make-up, put me in tails and topper, and I was terrible. So I decided to forget the screen and concentrate on the theater.

"I did several plays for Homer Curran in West Coast productions, such as 'The Children's Hour' and 'Golden Boy.' Then I journeyed to Broadway to understudy John Beal in the short-lived 'Soliloquy.' Following its speedy close I took my turn at 'pounding the pavement' looking for a job, and went through the semi-starvation and discouragement cycle most actors count as part of the thespian training. I don't regret a single experience, for I needed every one.

"Coming back to California, I went into another play that brought still another screen test, arranged by Tom Moore of 20th Century-Fox studio, who had always been my consistent booster. This turned out a little better and I was given the leading rôle in 'Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence.' Since then I've appeared in six Columbia films. Then came the big chance in 'So Ends Our Night,' the David L. Loew-Albert Lewin picture.

"I was crazy over the part from the first reading, but was I scared! Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee were fast company but all were wonderful and did everything to aid me. Mr. Loew would often come to the set, and to tease me he would say, 'Remember, Glenn, you've got to make good, for I'm gambling a million dollars on you!' And he was, too.

"Here are two items. I had played several stage rôles previously acted by Freddie March—'Death Takes a Holiday' and 'The Royal Family,' among others, so I was thrilled to be with him and watch his technique. Also, I had fallen in love with Margaret Sullavan in the film 'What Next, Little Man,' and sometimes in our scenes together I'd pinch myself to make sure I was actually playing in the same picture with her.

"We had several technical directors for this film who knew all the tragedies we were portraying, first hand, and believe me, we became so imbued with the mood of our drama that we lost our laughter, and momentarily expected the Gestapo to grab us out of the shadows.

"The most exciting experience of my life—so far—was flying to Miami for the premiere of 'So Ends Our Night.' It was a festive occasion. Following the showing of the picture the theater manager insisted that I appear on the stage and say a few words. The applause lasted for minutes, and I was so choked up when the time came to speak that all I could say was 'Thank you, thank you.' When I came off the stage the manager said, 'Boy, oh boy, what an act you gave them!' *Act*—my eye! That was the real thing, and I was so near breaking down that it still frightens me to think of it."

During the next half hour I picked up some illuminating points on this new star. Glenn is tremendously interested in international affairs and keeps maps of Europe and the Far East, that hang on his bedroom walls, checked to the latest develop-

ments. He admits he once dreamed of the diplomatic service.

His deepest regret is that his father, who sacrificed his own career to bring him to California, passed away eight months ago, just when he was getting the break they both had worked for. He's an expert at fencing. Also, he plays the violin, and his pretty young mother is a pianist, so the two spend many musical evenings at home. He doesn't like night clubs, or the things that go with night clubs, except dancing, he adores that. He likes ice skating, swimming, riding, tennis, and flying—he's already a pilot.

He still answers his own fan mail, which has gone to the top among Columbia's players on this one picture. These letters ask how he got started, and there are many, many mash notes, plenty hot. Born in Canada, he has long been an American citizen.

Three persons have aided him. Tom Moore, whose faith survived several bad tests; Harold Clifton, director of Santa Monica's little theaters, and his agent, Zeppo Marx. He breaks a precedent, too, by being loyally grateful. He now holds a starring contract with Columbia studio, and with David L. Loew-Albert Lewin Productions, and the future is bright. He considers himself a character juvenile and visions a long career that won't vanish with the coming of a sagging profile, and wrinkles. And his all-absorbing ambition is to act, and keep right on acting.

We drifted back to romance when I reminded him of the gossip that he and pretty Patti McCarty, Dorothy Lamour's former secretary, who is now getting her first break as an actress in "Under Age," were "that way" about each other.

He laughed heartily. "Patti and I have been much amused by all this publicity," said Glenn. "We're pals, good friends, but not romantic. Patti is a grand girl and a lot of fun. We like to go dancing and too, we've had much in common with our careers, each cheering the other from the sidelines. I'm sure she'll click and become a popular star—she has the star qualities.

"Many of my fan letters ask if I'll marry an actress," Glenn's eyes twinkled. "Well, shall I? Or shall she be a non-professional? Probably when I fall in love I'll not stop to consider this question. Yet it might become an issue, and an important one. It must be very difficult for anyone unaccustomed to theatrical life to understand this screwy business. Such a girl, for instance, might ask if I actually meant it when I kissed Margaret Sullavan in the ardent love scenes of 'So Ends Our Night,' and if I replied, 'Of course I did,' would she understand that through imagination the scenes we play are real—*while they last?*

"An actor isn't the best husband in the world. His profession demands so much. It absorbs his time, his energy, his emotional resources, and it takes deep understanding to avoid the pitfalls these create.

"I have no mental picture of *The Girl,* but there are a few 'musts.' Never, under any circumstances, would she forget she was a *lady*—that is highly important and means much to me. She would have the spirit of adventure, be cultured and tolerant. She would be warm and human and vital, with a keen appreciation of life and what it holds. She'd be an enthusiast, and have ideals and precious illusions, and oh yes, a grand sense of humor—we could not do without that. She'd be gallant and have courage, taking the good and the bad in stride. You see, the sophisticated, exotic, artificial type doesn't appeal to me. I'm old-fashioned when it comes to girls and I like the simple, small-town model, because she's real and sincere.

"Shall I marry an actress? Who knows? Not I—yet. But if I do she must be woman first, actress second. She must not be too wrapped up in her career, too eager for fame. Few households can harbor two stars, each battling to keep in the spotlight.

"I may be emotional," continued Glenn, "but I've learned to count ten before every important decision, so I hope I won't be too impetuous when it comes to marriage. I don't want a chequered romantic life, with a series of scars that would make one distrust his own judgment. Love is essential. But it is understanding and companionship that make marriage enduringly happy. I want my marriage, when it comes, to be happy. And permanent!"

That's food for Hollywood thought.

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Beautiful Miriam Franklin of Broadway's smash-hit, "Panama Hattie," gives beauty tip!



"Jinx" Falkenburg, famous New York photographer's model and "magazine cover" girl, uses it, too!



Those tired lines around Dr. Lew Ayres' eyes are the result of the calamity he suffers in "People vs. Dr. Kildare." Laraine Day does not appear too optimistic as to the outcome. Pretty Bonita Granville is an added attraction to these suspenseful Kildare series.

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Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 56, 57, 58 and 59 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Evening Gown, Page 56, by Pavillon Dance Frocks, Inc. 525 Seventh Avenue, New York

Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, O.
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
Franklin Simon & Co., New York
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Dinner Dress, Page 56, by The American Deb, Inc., 525 Seventh Avenue, New York

Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md.
R. H. Stearns Co., Boston, Mass.
Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.
Neiman-Marcus Co., Inc., Dallas, Tex.
Lord & Taylor, New York
B. F. Dewees, Inc., Phila., Pa.
J. W. Robinson, San Francisco, Cal.
Frank R. Jelleff, Washington, D. C.

Jacket Dress, Page 57, by Lynn Gray Frocks, Inc., 1375 Broadway, New York

Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
Crowley Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.
J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
Franklin Simon & Co., New York
Strawbridge & Clothier, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

Frock, Page 57, by Carol Crawford, Inc., 1375 Broadway, New York

Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Inc., Birmingham, Ala.
The Touraine Stores, Boston, Mass.
Bry Block Mercantile Co., Memphis, Tenn.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans, La.
B. F. Dewees, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Raleigh Haberdashers, Wash., D. C.

Tri-Color Play Suit, Page 58, by Loomtogs, Inc., 1370 Broadway, New York

Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Martin's, Brooklyn, N. Y.
McBride's, Inc., Galveston, Tex.
D. F. Peyton Co., Inc., Houston, Tex.
Rothschild's, Minneapolis, Minn.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans, La.
R. H. Macy & Co., New York
D. F. Peyton Co., Inc., Okla. City, Okla.
Strawbridge & Clothier, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rothschild's, St. Paul, Minn.

Star-Button Play Suit, Page 58, by Loomtogs, Inc., 1370 Broadway, New York

Duluth Glass Block Store, Inc., Duluth, Minn.
McBride's, Inc., Galveston, Tex.
D. F. Peyton Co., Inc., Houston, Tex.
Rothschild's, Minneapolis, Minn.
D. F. Peyton Co., Inc., Okla. City, Okla.
Rothschild's, St. Paul, Minn.
Raleigh Haberdashers, Wash., D. C.

Three-Piece Play Suit, Page 59, by Loomtogs, Inc., 1370 Broadway, New York

H. M. Russell & Sons, Denton, Tex.
McBride's, Inc., Galveston, Tex.
D. F. Peyton Co., Inc., Houston, Tex.
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Tailored Suit, Page 59, by Bernard Appel, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York

The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Rike Kumler Co., Inc., Dayton, Ohio
Peck & Peck, New York
Kaufmann's Dept. Stores, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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What kind of a yarn is this, anyway? Relax those knitted brows, folks, and we'll unwind without further ado. That ain't no lady with Myrna Loy; that's Bill Powell, from stem to stern. This gives an inkling how wonderfully whacky "Love Crazy" is. Laffs, love and Loy.



She looked, she loved and lost her heart to Phil. Hedy Lamarr and Philip Dorn, above, her movie husband in the "Ziegfeld Girl."

Confessions of a Fatalist

Continued from page 51

tion and then *get* there. How, and more especially *when* we get there is another matter. The thing is to keep running, somewhere, even if you're off your chosen track. We can't worry about it, that's what I mean. We can't worry about the detours, the stagnant intervals, the times when the tide is out. During such periods, however, even if we are stymied so far as our own jobs are concerned, we must keep busy.

"When I got kicked out at Warners, kicked out of pictures, actually, *I kicked myself out of Hollywood.* I went to Chicago and studied singing, thinking, when musicals do come back and, since I'm typed as a singer, I might as well try to improve my singing! When I got back to Hollywood again and there was still nothing doing for me, I went back to New York and did three years on the stage. Maybe musicals will never come back, I thought, perhaps I'd better learn now to *act.*

"The point I'm making is that I didn't sit around, idle, nursing a sore head. I was working all the time, if not in the exact medium I wanted, at least as near to it as I could get. I couldn't buck the tide of Hollywood, if you follow me. For me, the tide was out and I had to wait for it to come in again. But while I was waiting, I kept active. And that's how it must be for you other fellows: when the tide is out for you, fill it in by studying and improving yourself in your particular line of work, if you can afford not to be earning; if you can't afford being unemployed, try some other line of work, until your tide turns.

"To me," smiled Pidge, "to me, the definition of being a Fatalist is: *relaxing* and *enjoying life.* And I realize that I've been a Fatalist all my life. But the first time I ever consciously realized it, ever put a name to it, was the first time I ever sang, professionally. It was in Aeolian Hall, at a concert sponsored by Elsie Janis. It was the first time I'd ever come into contact with a big theater, big audiences. I stepped out onto the thing, the damn spotlight hit me, my knees wobbled noisily, the piano looked to be 18 miles away, *I* looked like a Living Statue of a Shower Bath, the perspiration

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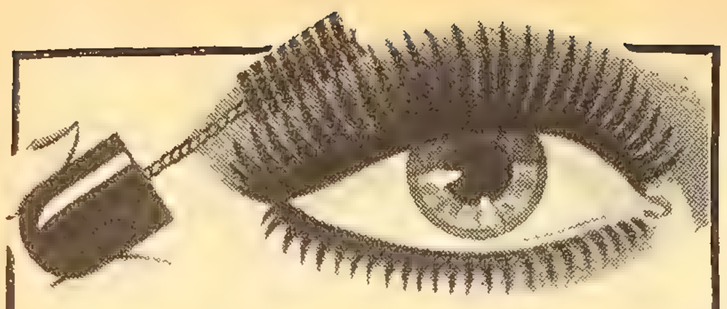
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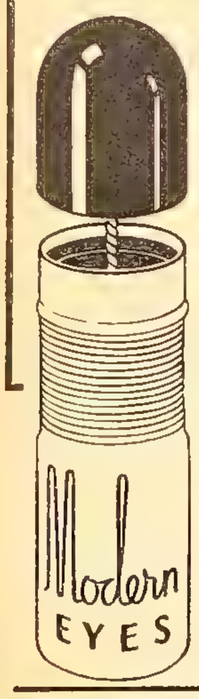
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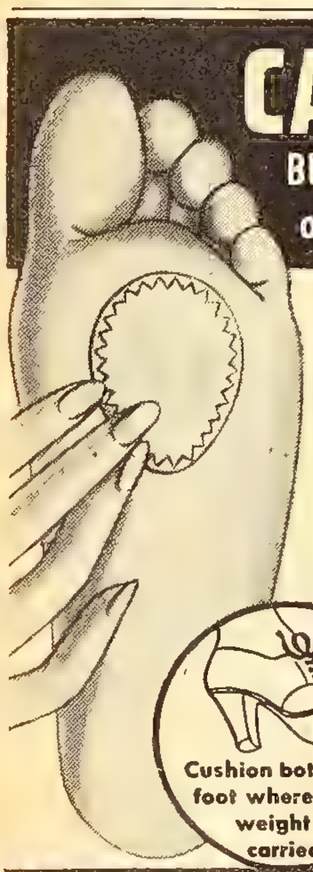


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was cascading off me—well, I *said* the words, I didn't *sing* them. I came off and, in the wings, I overheard the manager talking to Elsie; he was saying, 'I never heard anything like it in my life!' he moaned, 'the worst I've *ever* heard!'

"Well, it struck me very funny. I thought, this is something to tell my grand-children! I knew I was washed up so I didn't give a damn. I went out for the second half of the program and sang my head off. I sang three songs *and* three encores! I went over in the proportions known as 'big.' That taught me, then and there, *never again to worry about anything*. That's the gift I'd like to give you folks who are reading this: the gift of never again worrying over anything.

"When I'd been trying, you see, until I sweated, when I'd gone out there desperate to please the critics, the manager, the audience, worrying so frantically about what people would say, what the critics would write, I, and my voice, went to pieces. When I took it with a shrug and a laugh, sang for the joy of it, had fun, it was okay! I relaxed, and I enjoyed what I was doing. My audience relaxed, and enjoyed what I was doing, too. That was the time I said to myself, 'My boy, you're a Fatalist!' And I've been one ever since.

"I don't *think* much," laughed Mr. Pidge. "I practically never think, Am I going to get a good picture next time? Will the next *Nick Carter* go over as well as its predecessors? Will my contract be renewed? I don't worry about the way I do my job. I don't think I'm the greatest actor in the world, not by a long call. But I know I'm competent. I know I can do what the average actor can do. I know I work hard, don't believe the world owes me a living, I definitely don't and if, doing the best I can, it still isn't good enough, I don't get the breaks, then I know I'm in one of the bad cycles and I don't worry about it. I know that if things are going to happen, they're going to happen, in their own good or bad time, and no other. So what's the use of sitting down and thinking about it? What's that get you except a headache or insomnia?

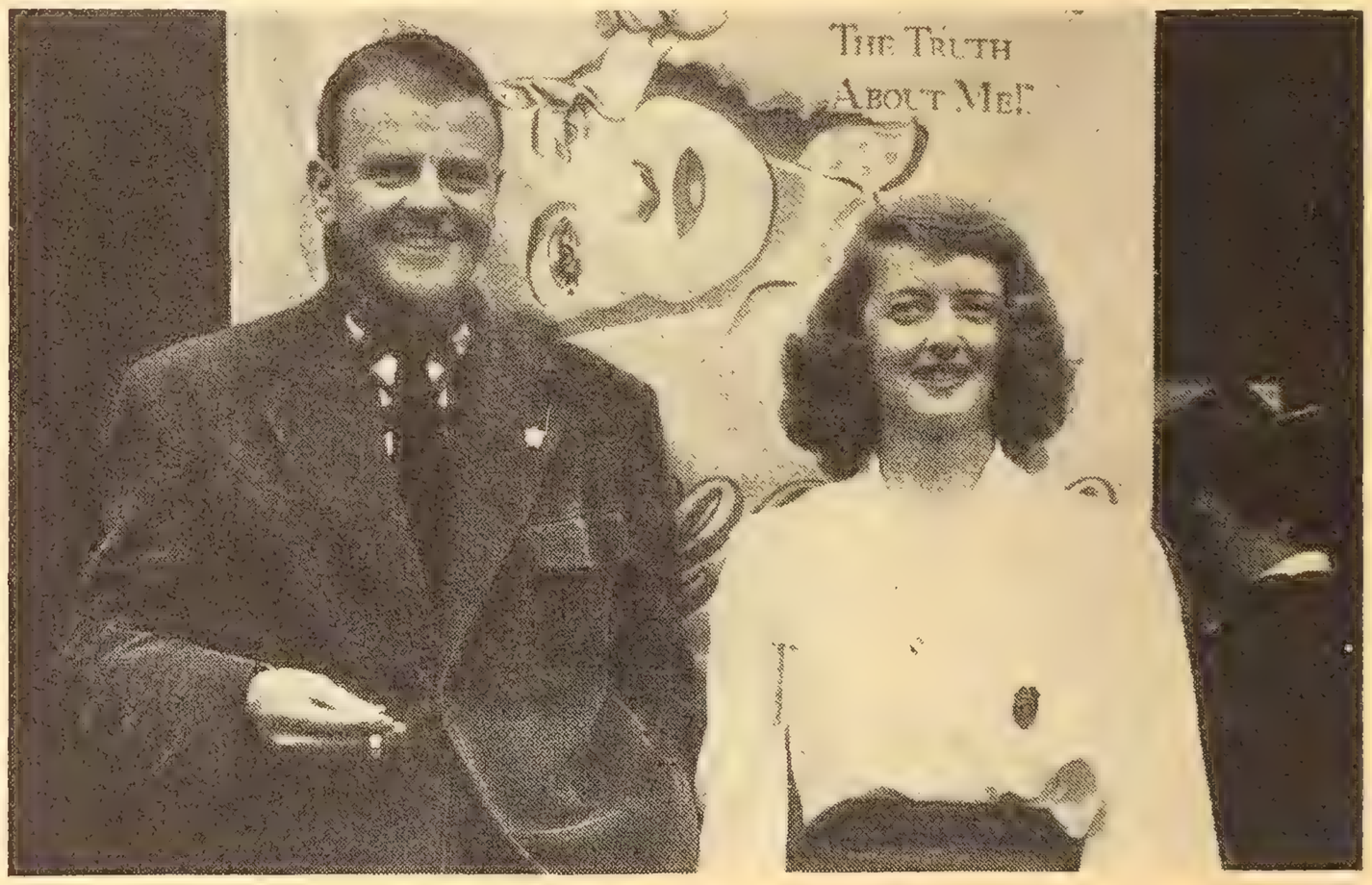
"Unconsciously, I was always a Fatalist, I realize that now. Looking back, I can pick out certain events in my life which, considering the way I took them, proves that I was a Fatalist. For instance, I was born on the St. John River, on the Bay of



Mitchell Rawson, Warner Bros. Eastern publicity manager, helps himself to a deserving snack from Bette Davis' tempting tray. The party was fun because of its informality.

Fundy. I spent most of my boyhood down on the bay front listening to the old salts spinning their salty yarns. My grandfather Pidgeon was an ex-sea captain, too, and set me on cold fire telling me tales of his adventures in strange places. Reefs and shoals and rips and tides and ships that went down to such as these or ships that came back again, made all one saga in the final telling—and I think it must have been that talk of time and tide that gave me the feeling I have that the lives of all men are governed by tides."

They'd take a row-boat out on the St. John, young Walter and his pals, and sometimes they were Captain Kidd, he said, again they were Long John Silver hunting for Treasure Island, or Blackbeard and the Bloody Morgan. He wanted to be a sea captain, in those days, was sure he'd *be* a sea captain. But even then the fates were shaping events for him. For actually those games he played, of Long John and the Bloody Morgan, were the *first parts he played*. They gave him the love of adven-



The home-town girl made good in a big way! Bette Davis, to the folk of Littleton, N. H., is their idea of a right neighborly sort and, of course, the best actress in all the world—which she is. She is shown with husband Arthur Farnsworth in front of Iron Mine Inn, where she was feted. Littleton citizens, distinguished guests, the press and the Arthur Farnsworths will always remember this thrill-packed occasion. The cheers of the crowds will ring forever.



Mary Margaret McBride, CBS columnist and author of literary gems, extends her heartfelt congratulations to Bette Davis on her history-making, record-breaking birthday celebration.

ture, they also gave him a love of acting which, he says, "is adventure, too. I can't even remember the time when the desire to be a sea captain ebbed away," he went on. "I only know it must have been painless, since I can't remember it. That's why I think I must always have been a practicing Fatalist. I seem always to have accepted things, without struggle or rebellion.

"I've been credited with having a War record. I didn't have one. What actually happened was that, at the age of sixteen, I walked out of High School one day, having decided to enlist. I was a rotten scholar anyway, not Right Bright.I never worried about that, either, I always figured I'd get by and somehow, no thanks to me, I always did—just. In the cards, you see.

"I *did* enlist, as I intended. But one of my elder brothers, Colonel Don Pidgeon, thought I was too young and had my enlistment cancelled. I was disappointed—but I remember, even now, how I managed to shrug it off. Nothing *I* could do about it! And that's what I mean: do everything you can to achieve what you want but when you know there's nothing you *can* do, take it and try to like it!

"I waited a year. Tried again. I wanted to get to France like crazy. This time I nearly lost my life (at home) by getting myself accidentally crushed between two gun carriages, thanks to being in a place I didn't belong. When they pried me out, I could have passed for Pidgeon jelly. I'm not an exceptionally brave man (I'm scared to death of a mouse, never have been able to get over it, would rather meet a lion in the dark than a mouse!) but I remember coming out of waves of pain and thinking, well, other men have suffered worse than this, *nothing I can do about it, anyway!* I seem always to have had that sense of the futility of struggling against the inescapable."

Then, for 17 months, young Pidgeon was in the hospital. Sometime during that 17 months he contracted a grave lung ailment. "I can honestly say," he honestly said, "that I didn't worry then, either. It may be a case of where there's no sense there's no feeling! I prefer to call it Fatalism! Whatever it was, I figured it was none of my doing. If I could have dodged it, I would have. But I couldn't, so what? So I went, obediently, to a dozen different places for treatment. A month before the Armistice. the doctors gave me a discharge but told me that if I ever hoped to recover completely I'd have to get a job in the open air.

"Now, there was something I *could* do about it. And I did. I'd done a lot of singing in High School. I supposed I had a Voice. I figured that if I could put the singing to some account, concert work, stage, whatever, that would give me plenty of time off to be out of doors. I went to Boston; started taking singing lessons and supported myself with a job as a bank messenger. Carrying the currency from one repository to another kept me out in the open. At that time the late E. E. Clive was managing a stock company in Boston. Working around the bank, I'd come to know a little about stocks and bonds, nothing at all about stock engagements. But I assured Clive I could act and he gave me a chance to prove it by giving me a spot in Shaw's 'You Never Can Tell.' Well, I continued throughout the season with Clive, which speaks for itself.

"From the bank, meanwhile, I advanced



Never before has the press attended a happier junket than the one given by Warners in honor of their greatest star, Bette Davis. The occasion marked her birthday and opening of her newest vehicle, "The Great Lie." The climax was reached when Bette blew out the candles on her birthday cake. Governor Robert O. Blood of New Hampshire, Governor William H. Wills of Vermont and Senator Styles Bridges were among the distinguished guests.

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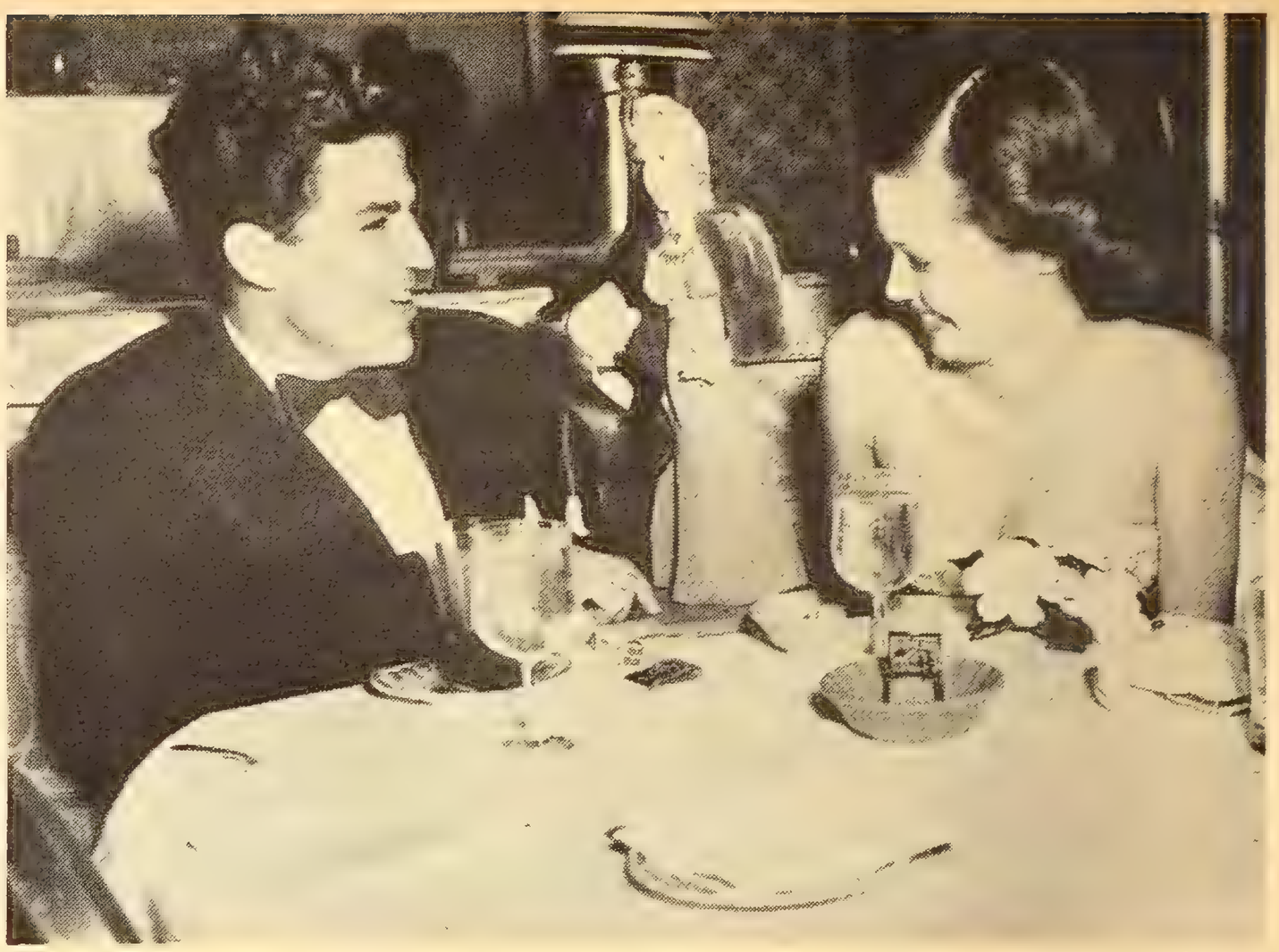
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Len Weissman

Youth and Freddy Martin's super-elegant Cocoanut Grove dance band have a strong attraction for each other. That's why the younger element like vivacious Georgianna Young and curly-headed Billy Halop, above, flock there nightly. Is Billy pulling an Edgar Bergen?

to the brokerage business. And it was then that I first married—my childhood sweetheart. When our baby, Edna, was born, my young wife died. That is something too personal to talk about—" But more from what he didn't say than from what he did say, I gathered that that early tragedy strengthened Walter's belief in Fatalism, if anything. No light mischance, he felt, ever causes the death of youth and of young happiness—for he said, "It was something woven deep into the pattern, I know; it had been written there a long time ago and, because it was written, was not to be escaped.

"I went home for a time, then. But gradually my family was dispersing, so there seemed nothing to hold me there. My mother took charge of my baby daughter for me. I picked up the threads of the brokerage business again. Now and then, I 'obliged' as an amateur entertainer, who accompanied his own songs, at social functions. At one such soirèe, Fred Astaire was a guest. He wanted to know what show I was with. When he was told I was a broker, he took it as an unfunny joke. But it was through Fred, in a roundabout way, that I'm in Hollywood today. Fred was the 'agency.' In Fatalism there's always an agency, working for the Fates. For he told his friends, Charles Dillingham and Arthur Hammerstein, that he had a 'find.' They sent for me and offered me the lead in a musical comedy opposite Mary Hay. Dillingham's wise secretary warned me not to take it. 'You need more experience,' she



Len Weissman

This business of lighting up looks like a serious ritual, does it not? Dennis O'Keefe is a brand new bridegroom, you know. Wifey is the former Steffi Duna. Looks as though it must be cook's night out. Wonder if anyone as beauteous as Steffi knows how to boil water?



How can anyone surrounded Mrs. Gary Cooper has her lot of good looks, and George Murphy [illegible]

said, 'before you try a lead. Wait and we'll get you something else.' I waited but they didn't find me anything else. It was just about then that I lost face and found it, singing at Aeolian Hall.

"From Aeolian Hall, we went on tour, a triumphant tour until we wound up by hitting the Palace Theater in New York. I still treasure, 'among my souvenirs,' the clipping from *Variety* which read: 'Walter Pidgeon looks like an old and dilapidated Abe Lincoln and sings like a graduate from a mail order school in Southern Iowa. Who wants vaudeville when it involves this?'

"But by this time, I was a practising Fatalist, as you now know. I had reached that state of wisdom wherein I knew that, in Life, the jeers and cheers and leers are as indiscriminately mixed as a goulash. I went to London with Elsie Janis for the revue, 'At Home.' For this chore, the cheers had it and Broadway began making me offers. I was playing the lead in 'Puzzles' when Hollywood signed me for singing rôles—whereupon I made my film début in—'The Mannequin,' opposite Dolores Costello! There followed the moribund musicals which led to the sales force moaning at the bar, 'We DON'T WANT PIDGEON!' —and *that's* where I came in! That's when I folded, not my tent but my bad notices, and stole silently away, out of Hollywood, first to Chicago, later to New York, to the stage, doing 'No More Ladies' and others.

"A Fatalist," smiled Walter, "is always a terrific gambler. I am. When I came back



Len Weissman

This is what you'd call a story with gestures, or "How to Keep a Top Glamor Gal" interested in same. Needless to say, Edmund Goulding is entertaining Marlene Dietrich at Ciro's. Marlene will soon be seen in "The Flame of New Orleans." She'd be a flame anywhere.

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Wait and see if Franchot Tone doesn't become putty in the hands of Joan Bennett when they appear together in Columbia's "She Knew All the Answers." Joan, you're positively provocative in that—er—that bow in your tresses.

to Hollywood, this time to stay, at the behest of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I stood in front of an executive's desk and dickered for an hour over the terms of the contract. When everything was settled, down to the mere matter of the weekly salary, we stuck! The Executive offered me a certain sum, I wanted more. I said to him, 'You don't know it, but you and I attended the same Alexander School in St. John, New Brunswick. Only you finished before I did and went into business before I did. Now I'm no business man and it would be futile for me to try to argue you into giving me more money. But I know you wouldn't take advantage of an old school-fellow from St. John, so I'll leave the matter entirely in your hands—or, *no,*' I said, on a sudden inspiration, 'no, tell you what we'll do, we'll flip a coin for it! Heads, it's your price, tails it's mine!'

"Now, that, too, comes under the head of being a Fatalist, you see! I knew I was licked when it came to business bartering. I couldn't do anything, I didn't try. But I could do something else about it, and I did and—it worked! L. B. laughed aloud. 'Walter,' he said, 'you're wrong, you *should* have been a business man. We'll pay your price. Sign here on this line.'

"Even after that, however, there were plenty of times when I could have had the gray-green shudders. I made five pictures, one right after another, none of which even have epitaphs! Not until 'Saratoga,' which was Jean Harlow's last picture, did I really do anything that might be called 'arriving.' Then the studio considered shelving the picture, after Jean's sad going. They didn't. And that picture was a beginning for me —curious, how the Fates work and weave, how for one there is a beginning and for another, a—well, a different kind of a beginning—impersonal, the Fates, without prejudice or pity.

"Then, once again, I came within an ace of missing my opportunity: it was when M-G-M was planning to do a remake of 'I Take This Woman' with Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. They wanted me for the remake. But because I was busy in the first of the *Nick Carter* series, I couldn't do it. At the time, that definitely seemed the tide going out for me! But fortunately, *Nick* caught on with the public, what seemed to be my loss was my gain and I, perforce, can have no regrets about 'losing' the g[illegible]

"Since then, my tide has come in: 'Dark Command' set me up as a villain. 'It's a Date' made me modern and reasonably pleasant. Now, 'Flight Command' with Bob Taylor, then 'The Youngest Profession,' with Judy Garland. Being the father of a daughter myself, I like these paternal rôles. Comes natural to me to order Deanna and Judy around!

"I once told a young lady," laughed Mr. Pidge, "that I am a Fatalist, and she said, almost as though I had told her I was a prong-horned zombie, 'Owww, does that make you different from other men?'

"'It doesn't,' I assured her. 'I am as other men, as ever *was*. I have a few little idiosyncrasies,' I boasted, 'individual points of interest, you might say, such as I always carry my left hand in my pocket, and I crack my knuckles!'

"Also, I may be different in that I love to go shopping! Especially, I love to fool around in women's shops and buy things for my wife and my kiddie (my wife, Ruth, and I were married in 1931) and as they always keep the things I buy them, I like to pat myself on my own back for my taste and discrimination! In all other respects, I should say, I am Mr. Average Man. I'm quite a home-body. We have a modest place in Beverly Hills. Although we're looking for acreage, something around 500 acres, where I can grow things and can 'retire' between pictures. I don't like to go out a great deal, prefer to have my friends come to my place. I'm easily amused, I play a lot of backgammon, love bridge.

"I'm sentimental, terribly so—*not* a mark of 'difference' mind you, since most men *are* more sentimental than women. I keep souvenirs, tied up with pink ribbons; I remember anniversaries and birthdays; I send flowers on appropriate occasions; I read poetry; I moon over things.

"I'm a *noticing* man when it comes to women—what I find myself noticing first is a woman's profile. I'm always crawling around sidewise, under hats and things, to look at a—*nose!*

"Man-like, I can't cook at all. Except for my favorite dessert, crêpes suzette. I've only had enough of them once in my life, twenty-four, to be exact, at a sitting!

"I see a lot of movies, love to. Since I can remember I've gone to see John Barrymore four or five times in everything he's done. I saw 'The Man From Blankley's' five times. I nearly missed the Olympic going to London once to drop in and see 'Beau Brummel.' I'm a terrific Gable fan, too, and a terrific Hepburn fan.

"Neck-ties are my only personal extravagance, and handkerchiefs. Although I really do give my clothes some thought. I'm one of the few remaining actors who does.

"I have strong vegetarian tendencies. Once went for three years without eating meat. Almost every noon I consume this behemoth of a salad, wilted lettuce with Roquefort dressing, which you now see diminishing before you!

"The worst temptation I have to face is —no, not the Demon Rum nor the Blandishments of Beauty, but *laziness*. I'm just generally bone-lazy. Like to get in my car and go browsing about, uncertain as to destination, unconscious as to time. My pet hate is golf. Not the temperament.

"I've told you that I'm afraid of a mouse. I am. Horribly. And all my life I've been afraid of not having something set aside for that Rainy Day. Being a Fatalist, I'm not afraid of the Rainy Day, knowing that it must come. And that I can't do anything about *that*. But I can do something about preparing for it, and I have.

"If I have any outstanding virtue it's that I am grateful, grateful to anyone who has ever done anything for me, grateful to Fate for the way, by and large, she has treated me. I hate ingratitude. I think it's the most contemptible thing in the world.

"I don't believe there is any such thing as a 100 per cent bad man, or woman. A mixture, that's what makes them human. I don't believe there are any unmitigated bores. If you have enough patience to give a complete and courteous hearing to any man or woman, you'll be surprised by the interesting things you'll learn. A sympathetic hearing—I daresay sympathy is the strongest force for good in the world.

"And so, by the same token, I do not think there are any such things as Failures or Successes. I don't believe in affixing labels to anything so fluid as life. We rise and fall with the tides," said Mr. Pidgeon.

"I am one of the few, I'm afraid," said Pidge, then, "who can say and who *means* that I'd like to live it all over again, even if I had to relive it just as it was, pain and joy, both. I'd do it gladly, if I had the chance. I love Life!"

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